

OHIO TROOPS FIRE ON A MOB OF LYNCHERS

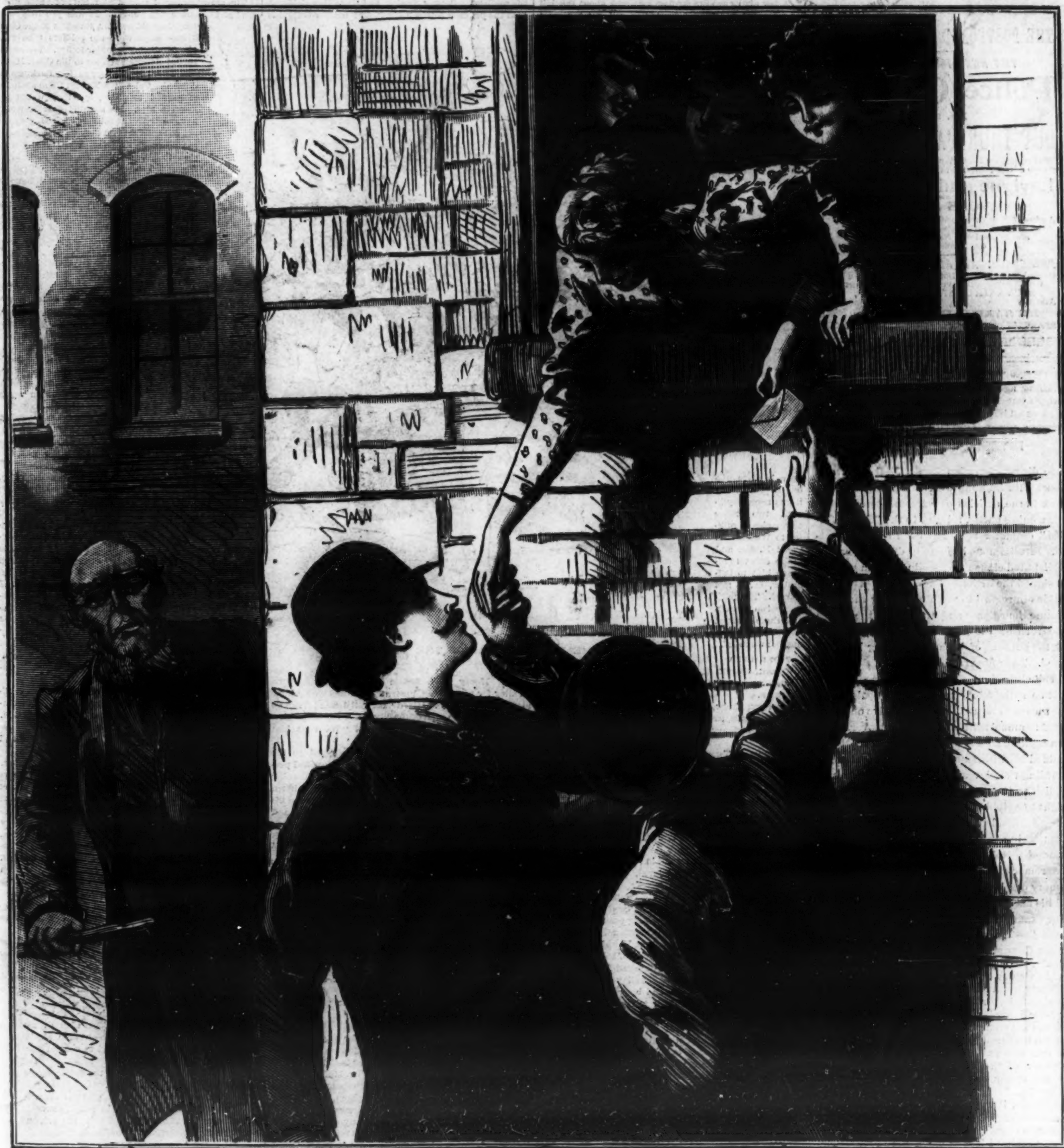
THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

Copyrighted for 1894 by the Proprietor, RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square Publishing, Printing and Engraving House, New York City.

RICHARD K. FOX
Editor and Proprietor

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1894.

VOLUME LXV.—No. 896.
Price 10 Cents.



GAY COLLEGE GIRLS.

THE STUDENTS OF THE WOMAN'S COLLEGE AT RICHMOND, VA., OUTWIT A SEVERE PROFESSOR.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE.
Franklin Square, New York.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1894.

The POLICE GAZETTE will be mailed to any address in the United States or Canada at the following rates:
One year.....\$4.00
Six months.....2.00
Three months.....1.00
Send all subscriptions to
RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,
Franklin Square, New York City.

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, NEW YORK, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

There are four ways by which money can be sent by mail at our risk—by a Post-Office Money Order; by a Registered Letter; by a Bank Draft; or by an Express Money Order.

THE POSTPONED FISTIC BOUTS!

THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE

Police Gazette,

No. 597,

OUT THURSDAY, NOV. 1st,

Will contain a Full Report, with Illustrations, of the Postponed Contests between

Lavigne and Griffin,
Lyons and Hogan,

And others, at the Seaside Athletic Club, Coney Island, Oct. 29. Also the Latest Sporting and Sensational News, illustrated by our special artists.

PRICE 10c. AT ALL NEWSDEALERS.
Or sent by mail, One Dollar for 12 weeks, with which subscription you receive an elegant SOUVENIR OF STAGE BEAUTIES.

Address
RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

NOTICE.—THE POLICE GAZETTE employs no travelling agents or solicitors. Any one representing himself as such should be handed over to justice as an impostor and swindler.

FITZSIMMONS SIGNS.

The dispute between James J. Corbett and Robert Fitzsimmons over the insertion of a clause in the articles of agreement to govern their coming battle, relative to the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, has been amicably settled. Fitzsimmons has finally decided to allow the disputed clause to remain unchanged and has signed the articles of agreement. The stipulations in regard to the club having the right to name the referee and the size of the gloves to be worn by the principals have been modified, the consent of both men having been obtained. They now read as follows:

"The club shall name the referee, but he must be satisfactory to both principals," and "the gloves to be used must weigh five ounces." Fitzsimmons' attitude in this controversy has been nothing short of puerile. As Corbett had signified his willingness to make the changes regarding the gloves and the referee, it seemed childish on the part of the Australian middleweight to quibble over the belt question. Fitzsimmons' sudden determination, however, to have nothing to do with the "Police Gazette" diamond belt has its amusing features. The most remarkable of these is the sudden loss of memory displayed both by the lanky pugilist and his astute manager.

For example, Captain Giori has, undoubtedly, no recollection of calling at the office of the POLICE GAZETTE on the very day of Fitzsimmons' return from New Orleans, after his speedy victory over Dan Creedon. He is also evidently not aware that he expressed himself as delighted over the fact that the belt was going to be included in the articles of agreement; and he took so much interest in the trophy that he even ventured to inquire as to its value. No one who was present at his interview with the manager of the POLICE GAZETTE remembers his using any expression that sounded like "dog collar."

Of course, it would be nothing short of malicious to suggest that the captain's diplomatic conduct on that day was prompted by a desire to have Richard K. Fox back his "star." The fact that Mr. Fox did not accede to his request has, naturally, nothing to do with the captain's sudden change of venue. It is, no doubt, only wild conjecture on our part.

THEY STORMED THE JAIL.

Ohio Soldiers Shoot Down a
Score of Would-be Lynchers.

A NEGRO BRUTE THE CAUSE.

Three Were Killed and Ten or More
Wounded by the Militia.

THE CULPRIT REMOVED TO PRISON.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A week ago a negro, Jasper Dolby, assaulted Mrs. Mary C. Boyd, a middle-aged white widow, at Washington Court House, O. He was arrested and placed in jail. So incensed were the farmers of the neighborhood that they threatened to lynch him.

A few nights ago the farmers gathered about the jail in force, and it became necessary to call out the local militia to protect him. The next day he was railroaded to his trial, a special Grand Jury being called. He pleaded guilty and was sentenced to twenty

The crowd increased during the day and made preparation to get the negro brute from the officers as they took him from the jail to the Court House at 8 o'clock in the afternoon to receive the sentence of Judge Maynard. Col. Colt had his men lined along the route from the jail to the Court House, about twenty yards. As they were leading the man up the Court House steps the mob made a rush for him, and the militia charged on them with their bayonets, repulsing the crowd. Several were struck with bayonets, but none seriously. The guards got the man into the court-room. He was so frightened that he shook like a leaf and wept. The crowd on the outside yelled and howled for him. The Judge sentenced him to twenty years in the Ohio penitentiary.

The military companies formed at the west side of the Court House before the trial, while the Sheriff and Deputy James Busick went to the jail for the prisoner. The west entrance to the Court House is about fifty feet from a rear side of the jail, and there are high steps leading to the Court House. A thousand persons had gathered in the Court House yard. They vowed that the negro should never be taken past them. The Sheriff and his deputies had hardly emerged from the hall door when the acknowledged leader of the crowd, Henry Kirk, who married Mrs. Boyd's sister, rushed toward the negro, and breaking through the ranks of the guard seized the culprit. Quick as a flash the musket of a soldier was swung with great force and Mr. Kirk received a blow in the face. The crowd surged forward and in the rush swept one soldier boy around the corner and away from his company, but he quickly returned to his post. Col. Colt rallied his men and the prisoner was carried into the Court House.

There was a scene of intense excitement. Men armed with staves rushed blindly almost into the bayonets of the soldiery. Deputy Busick and Detective Caldwell held the prisoner between them, and neither forgot his

Columbus for 200 additional troops. "If you want me to bring the man to Columbus," said Col. Colt, with characteristic emphasis, "I will do it, but it will cost blood." Col. Colt then made a speech to the crowd.

"It looks very much," said he, "as though you intend to make an attack on the legal authorities. There will be trouble if you do. I call on law-abiding citizens to disperse and go to their homes."

This was received as other warnings had been. The prisoner had been taken to a back room in the Sheriff's office in the third floor, and had said if they would get him away he would confess everything, but the troops found it impossible without serious trouble to get him to the station in time for the train, and darkness closed in on the ominous scene. At 8:10 the crowd, largely augmented, surrounded the building and with improvised battering rams pounded the doors one after another. The troops were hastened together in the Court House at all entrances. The doors were barricaded from within and furniture piled against them. The soldiers stood with pieces cocked and bayonets fixed waiting for the doors to yield. Huge stones were thrown against the wooden panels, clubs crashed against them and fell on the stone steps.

Nearly 3,000 persons now surrounded the Court House and jail, yelling "Lynch him! Lynch him!" Finally some one threw a stone which struck a soldier on the breast. Then Col. Colt, whose anger was aroused, addressed the people once more. He told them not to repeat the offense.

"If you want to injure any one," said he, "hit me, and not those young men."

With hat uplifted the Colonel walked out into the crowd and said: "Here I am." His face was white with anger.

The crowd gathered around him, but not a man lifted his hand to strike the Colonel. It was probably well that they did not, for, standing on the Court House steps were the soldiers with guns loaded waiting an order to fire. The crowd surged closer and closer to the Court House steps, becoming bolder as the darkness increased. Col. Colt addressed them again, or attempted to do so, but they would not listen to him. He shouted that he would have to order the soldiers to fire if they did not fall back, but on they came, and finally the order to fire was given. Many were seen to fall, and the mob fled like a lot of frightened sheep. Not a shot was fired by the soldiers until a door showed signs of falling in, when the troops fired the volley which resulted fatally. The remainder of the soldiers were stationed at the south entrance, unmindful that part of the crowd was making an attempt to batter down the door at the north entrance.

The first fright following the volley having died away, the mob became more boisterous and bold again. Soon they began gathering about the court house and though still maintaining a respectful distance, uttered imprecations against the soldiers, and fears were entertained for their safety if reinforcements did not quickly come. The crowd soon began making an attempt to secure dynamite, and swore that they would blow up the Court House. The wounded and dead were carried into the engine house and the stores near by.

At 8 o'clock that night Gen. Howe, of Columbus, O., said: "The situation is evidently very grave, and I have ordered all the First Regiment at Cincinnati, Company H, of the Seventeenth Regiment at Chillicothe, Company L, of the Third Regiment at Sabina, and companies A, F, M and D of the Fourteenth Regiment here to report at Washington Court House at the earliest possible moment. I fear that the mob has proved too large and too aggressive to be controlled by the small force of three companies at Col. Colt's command."

Gov. McKinley was at Hamilton, O., and was fully advised, and wired his private secretary that unless quiet was at once restored at Washington Court House, he would abandon his Southern trip and return to Columbus.

At 9 o'clock Adj. Gen. Howe ordered out as additional force Battery B, of the First Artillery at Cincinnati. Sheriff Cook, of Fayette county, telegraphed Gen. Howe as follows:

"The rumor is correct. Three have been killed and eight wounded."

The first message was received from Col. A. B. Colt, in command of the State troops at Washington Court House, since the report of the assault, at 10 o'clock at night. It was addressed to Gen. J. C. Howe, and was as follows:

"Your telegrams received. No reinforcements have yet arrived. We can hold the court house for hours. The doors were broken in and the guards fired. Reported to us that two were killed and three wounded. It is reported to the Sheriff that the mob has broken into the powder house and taken the powder. It is the most determined mob I ever saw. The troops need every precaution. The Sheriff and Judge Maynard approve our action. I pleaded and begged of the men to peaceably disperse. Our men are all right now."

At 10 o'clock the troops from Marysville and those to go from here joined them on a special train over the Midland Railway. It is thirty-seven miles from Columbus to Washington Court House. Gen. Howe urged the railway company to send the train forward at the utmost speed.

He has arranged that the train bearing the Cincinnati troops shall reach Washington Court House about the same time, so that there can be no question about having a sufficient force on the ground to control the mob when the first soldiers arrive.

The mob is so incensed against the soldiers now that a small force would be in danger. Gen. Howe is afraid the mob in its frenzy over the shooting of citizens may try to blow up the whole jail and Court House.

The command of Col. Colt is now in the jail, and this would result in a terrible loss of life.

Her Love Her Ruin. By Adolph Belot, the celebrated French writer. No. 3 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES, created a sensation in Paris. With 28 illustrations drawn by special artists. Sent by mail to any address, securely wrapped, on receipt of price, 50 cents, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



THE MILITIA CHARGE THE MOB.

THE KILLED.
WELSH, SMITH, eighteen years old, son of a grocer; shot in head and abdomen.

JOHNSON, MACK, Williamsburg; shot in abdomen.
JUTY, JESSIE, twenty-six years old, laborer; shot in breast and abdomen.

THE WOUNDED.
AMMERMAN, THEODORE, shot in right thigh; serious.
ELLIS, ERNEST, shot in foot.
KEATING, GEORGE, fourteen years old, shot in thigh and both legs; probably fatal.

McCUNE, JOHN, wound in foot.
NEITHERHOUSE, FRANK, an old man; shot in left leg.
PARROTT, DIAL, twenty years old; shot in right foot.
SAM, WILLIAM, twenty-three years old, laborer; Adams county.

SMITH, FRANK; flesh wound in foot.
Others were undoubtedly injured, but these are the most serious cases.

Early in the day Sheriff Cook telegraphed Adj. Gen. Howe that a special Grand Jury had been impeached to indict Dolby. He said that it was expected that Dolby would plead guilty and accept the sentence of the court, rather than remain in the jail at Washington Court House another night and run the risk of being taken out by the mob and lynched. The sheriff thought that prompt action by the courts would allay the excitement of the people. The situation had been threatening all the morning, and Sheriff Cook telegraphed for more soldiers.

At 6 o'clock in the morning Adj. Gen. Howe sent two companies of the Fourteenth regiment, B and C, accompanied by Col. A. B. Colt, to help the sheriff, who telegraphed that a large force of farmers were collecting in town, and he feared the local military company would not be able to prevent them from executing their threat of taking Dolby from the jail and hanging him. Adj. Gen. Howe remained in Columbus, and Col. Colt wired him that the troops had arrived at Washington and had control of the situation.

"Brace Up." Not with tonics, but by judicious exercises. All the leading Athletic Clubs endorse the "POLICE GAZETTE" BOXING GLOVES. We have them in three grades, Amateur, Exhibition and Champion. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

nerve. Henry Kirk, frantic with rage, rushing down an alley for surgical aid, presently returned with a huge plaster over his face. His friends, well dressed farmers, and even business men of the city, rallied at his appearance, and there were hoarse cries of "We'll get him yet." "It's a long way to the depot."

Col. Colt, commanding the troops, stopped on the steps of the Court House and warned the excited people to disperse. His words fell on deaf ears. Turning to his men he shouted, "Load." There was a uniform clicking of hammers and every soldier prepared his piece for trouble. The crowd fell back a few steps and several of the more timid rushed for the corners. They rallied almost immediately and closed in, but the soldiers held them back. Once up to the third floor of the court house and into the rooms where the trials were held, Dolby was soon declared a criminal. At exactly 3:25 he was led into the court room, and in three minutes he was sentenced to twenty years imprisonment, ten days in each year in solitary confinement. Dolby was brought into the court room with both hands manacled. He was trembling and had to be supported when the Court asked him to stand. He told his name.

"Have you read the affidavit?"
"Yes."
"Clerk, you will read the affidavit," said Judge Maynard.

The reading done, the Court asked the prisoner how he would plead, and he answered,
"Guilty."

Outside the crowd was clamoring for admission. It was increased in numbers every minute, and the accessions proved an inspiration to the tired leaders, who had exhausted themselves. The Rev. Dr. McNair, of the Presbyterian Church, went among the angry men and endeavored to get them to listen to reason, but his words fell upon closed ears. Sergeant Andrews, of Company A, one of the three men of the company who came with the troops, and Private Lenhart, of Company B, were struck with stones while standing on the Court House steps during the rush, but stood their ground manfully. Sergeant Andrews was struck in the head with a stone that glanced from Private Lenhart.

Col. Colt then telephoned the Adjutant-General at

MASKS AND FACES.

A True Story of Some Matinee Girls' Enthusiasm.

BALLET GIRL WHO FAINTED.

Several Well-Known Types of English Melodrama Hold a Meeting.

INCURSIONS OF ENGLISH GIRLS.

A dreadful wet-blanketing has just been received by a small assortment of guileless and enthusiastic matinee girls.

The damsels in question—there were five or six of them—had long been fervent admirers of the cool, almost sardonic, young actor, E. H. Sothern. It was a sort of refined affection that they felt for this dramatic strippling—an almost maternal solicitude for his welfare. They alluded to him jokingly as "mommer's baby boy"—by which it will be seen that their interest was absolutely unlike that which other damsels have centered in the robust personality of Herbert Kelcey.

These purring maidens—ettes decided that it would never do to let concealment, like a worm in the bud, prey on their damask cheek. They determined that Sothern should know how much they appreciated him. They clubbed together and raised \$50—or, to be precise, \$48.75—went to a well-known store not far from Union Square and purchased an exceedingly handsome, gold-mounted card-case. They took it home—to one of their homes—composed a careful, non-committal, correctly worded letter, and sent it down to the Lyceum Theatre.

Then they possessed their souls in patience, and waited—simply waited. Exactly what they expected it is impossible to ascertain—but it was something saccharine, with gentle fervor in it. Four days later mommer's baby boy was heard from—shockingly, astoundingly. He returned the card-case, with many thanks, and a long letter of—oh two the day!—paternal advice to the maternal damsels.

"How foolish!" he wrote. "Why will girls do such things? Do they never ask themselves what an actor must think of them? Do they suppose that he cares for such personal tokens?"—and a great deal more in the same reproachful strain. He talked to them, in fact, as though they were erring children, and he at least seventy-five years old.

At first they were fearfully indignant. They chirruped, and they bleated, and they fumed. Still, even this letter was better than none at all. Can you guess what they did—these foolish girls? They cut it in pieces, put the pieces in a hat and raffled for Sothern's signature. And this is absolutely a true story of matinee girl enthusiasm and an actor's non-responsiveness.

The last time that Barataria was represented on the stage in this city the public was led to understand that it was ruled by a king. Now it appears, from ocular demonstration afforded by another stage performance, that its chief magistrate is a Bey. That is the advantage of these fabulous countries; they can be ruled by anybody and in any way, the government never has to be investigated in any of its departments, its national policy can change without a revolution or even an election, all sorts of useful laws can be established without the aid of a constitutional convention, and life is an uninterrupted vaudeville show. The ruler of a fabulous island, whatever his title, is usually hot-tempered, decayed in health, and passionately fond of dancing—by other people.

The scenes of "Little Christopher Columbus," now on view at the Garden Theatre, are laid in Cadix, Barataria and Chicago. These spots may be assumed to be fairly representative of three distinct types of social condition. The play proves, however, that there is a resemblance among the three places, in a custom prevalent in all of them of the inhabitants and casual visitors stinging, dancing and turning heels over head in public places. It is a pretty custom, undoubtedly. When the Bey of Barataria gets his court into little better order, and the Mayors of Cadix and Chicago have time to devote a little more attention to the vaudeville business, the general result will doubtless be much more satisfactory than it is now.

Already there are occasional attractive exhibitions and some pleasant people are to be met. The Bey himself is a decidedly agreeable companion, for one who has no intention of becoming his brother-in-law. This is an unpleasant process, on account of laws which there is not space here to explain. A detective called O'Hooligan assumes a good many disguises, and very good ones, but that is all he does. It was not necessary to bring a man from England to do that. Among the persons who discover the fabulous island, and afterward stroll about the Midway Plaisance, there are not many who need to be particularized. Helen Bertram is perhaps the most prominent of them, and Herman Blackmore, Harry Macdonough, Yolande Wallace, Mabel Bouton, Nettie Lyford and Mabel Potter are also conspicuous. A good deed has been done since "Little Christopher Columbus" was seen here for the first time, in shortening it by forty-five minutes. Further efforts will be directed toward making it interesting.

The metropolitan production of "Rob Roy" promises to be interesting from several points of view, but particularly from that of the kilts worn by the bonnie ladies of the ballet.

As is well known, the regulation kilt worn by some of the British regiments falls below the knee, but it appears that the American customer, either through a want of knowledge or a love for the nude in art, has abbreviated decidedly all the "Rob Roy" kilts. There was a sensation at rehearsal, I am told, when the kilts were first put on, and one of the ballet girls, who has not been known to blush for thirty-seven years, gave way then for the first time.

A company of wayworn strolling players limped across Macomb's Dam Bridge recently and made their way quickly toward a vacant lot, where they seated themselves among the heaps of ashes, broken stones, tomato cans and old bottles for an hour's rest and a little refreshment. To a passing stranger more than one of the players wore a familiar look, and closer inspection revealed the fact that they were all well-known British melodramatic types, common enough in New York some years ago, but of late condemned to wander in the provincial wilderness.

They had returned, they said, in the hope of finding a resting place in some theatre, and they eagerly begged the shrewd and observant manager to give one or two of all of them some sort of employment.

"Times are pretty hard," replied their new acquaintance, dubiously, "but I might be able to find berths for some of you. What can you do?"

It was the leading man who spoke up in reply.

"I can do anything that a leading man ought to do in a London melodrama. I'm the younger son of a noble family, and, while waiting for my elder brother to die and put me in possession of the title and property, I must make a living for myself. The rascal never does

"And I am simply indispensable," said a tall, imposing-looking man with carefully trimmed white whiskers, "for I am a British nobleman of the old school—one who has never gone into trade, and who still clings to the traditions of caste and blood. When I am gone you will find it impossible to replace me, for you may look the whole peage through without finding a dozen men who are not interested in cab companies, millinery shops, or cheap restaurants. Nor will you find one who lives as I do in a house with a secret staircase which a blind man could find in the dark. There is a conservatory in my country house, too; it is situated just back of the room in which we do all our acting, and the band plays there when we give a ball. It is useful also, as a place of rendezvous for lovers, and when it becomes necessary to clear the stage of twenty-three people in a natural and easy manner I have only to say, 'Let us step into the conservatory and hear the goldfish sing,' and away they all go."

"Take me, too," cried a grotesque character, "I am the original British funny man, and can do every funny thing that history takes cognizance of, even to drinking out of a bottle while others find glasses more convenient."

Then a villain in a dress coat and another in corduroy, a faithful family servant, a wealthy and benevolent

touch of pride after the check recklessness, he installs himself as master of the house. The Americans in Paris are frequenting the show, and because of not understanding French probably do not find it naughty or out of keeping with French life as pictured by the French themselves.

The collapse of "Little Miss Cute," according to the English newspapers, must have proved one of the most colossal frosts that ever struck London town in early September. All summer long London managers have been entertaining a young woman who announced herself to be America's foremost comedienne, Hope Booth, niece of the late tragedian, Edwin Booth, and a household word on her own account on this side of the water. So glibly did Miss Booth tell her story that within a fortnight of her arrival she had engaged the Garrick Theatre for three months.

It is true that the fact that Miss Hope was backed by a syndicate may have had something to do with the avidity with which the theatre was leased to her. But once her backing was found to be all right, no one thought to inquire into her standing as an actress. A few days ago, in speaking of Miss Booth's career in London, an American manager said:

"I assure you you can have no idea of the gullibility of the London managers. Imagine a girl from Oshkosh, Kalamazoo or even Australia coming to New York and announcing herself as a great actress. Imagine her being able to lease the Lyceum or Daly's for a season of three months. And yet that is exactly what this woman did in London. When I got over there this summer I heard on every side of Hope Booth, Hope Booth. Finally one night Charles Hawtry drew me aside and said:

"One of the cleverest actresses, Hope Booth, has leased the Garrick for three months. I suppose you know her repertory pretty well. What is the best part for her to open in?"

"Hope Booth," I answered. "Oh, yes, I remember. There was a young woman of that name who played three-line parts with Minnie Maddern some years ago. And last year I saw her play with the Lyceum road company in 'Americans Abroad.' In that play her role impressed me greatly. In fact, I learned it off by heart. It consisted in saying: 'Yes, mamma,' seven times."

"But Hawtry even then was not convinced. I suppose he put my remarks down to professional jealousy. Hope Booth and 'Little Miss Cute' were allowed to make their debut. Here's part of the result," continued the manager, as he produced a cutting from a London paper. "Listen. 'Miss Hope Booth, the American actress who made her debut last night in 'Little Miss Cute,' excels in can'ts. She can't act, she can't sing, she can't even wait, speak or smile properly.'"

The manager picked up a pencil and scribbled something on the margin of the cutting.

"I'm going to send this notice back to the management of the Garrick now," said the manager.

On the cutting he had written:

"In spite of all her 'can'ts,' there is one thing which I notice 'Little Miss Cute' can do. She can pull all your British legs in the most approved and artistic fashion."

BURNED TO DEATH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Prof. Lind's travelling show, called "Lind's Illusion Company," was totally destroyed at White Plains, N. Y., by an explosion of gasoline, and pretty Miss Edna G. Hurburt, one of the members of the company, was burned to death.

The company makes use of a large traveling wagon, which is utilized for stage purposes. At the back of the wagon is a large glass used for transparency purposes in introducing illusion pictures. A twenty-foot alleyway, some ten feet wide and made of heavy canvas, accommodated the patrons, who paid ten cents each to see the show. The light was supplied from a gasoline apparatus. Lind was arranging it when from a cause unknown it exploded. Lind's clothes took fire, and he ran to the street enveloped in flames. At the same instant the wagon took fire. Then it was that a piercing scream attracted passersby to the scene. The whole thing was in a blaze in an instant. Miss Hurburt, who was arranging her costumes in the wagon for the evening's performance, was held captive, being unable to break the glass at the end. A young man, Walter Crosby, took hold of the girl's outstretched hand, and with an axe tried to cut an aperture for her to get out, but was driven back by the flames.

The Fire Department was called out, but Miss Hurburt was dead when taken out, her legs and arms being nearly burned to a crisp and her face burned beyond recognition. Prof. Lind was severely burned, but probably not fatally. His clothes were almost burned from his body. The doctors believe he will recover.

CLIMBED A FIRE ESCAPE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A woman about thirty years old who was looking for work applied at the office of the United States Rubber Company, at New Brunswick, N. J. She was told by the clerk to go upstairs and see the foreman.

The woman, not knowing the way, went out into the yard, and seeing no other way to get up, she tucked up her skirts and ascended the fire escape to the fourth story. There she opened the window and climbed in, to the surprise of the foreman, who was standing near by. The foreman, recovering from his embarrassment, asked her what she wanted, but at the same time kept a distance away. The woman stated her mission. She got a job.

MLLE. DE SERRE AND MLLE. AMELIA.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

A couple of beautiful Parisiennes adorn our theatrical page this week. Mlles. De Serre and Amelia are shining lights in the theatrical life of the French capital, both by reason of their beauty and talents.

ANDREW HAMILTON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Andrew Hamilton is one of the foremost jockeys in this country and has always had an enviable record. As a rider of dare-devil finishes he has had few equals. During the past racing season he scored forty-eight winning mounts.

An Unfaithful Wife.

By Paul de Kock, one of the most famous French authors, No. 10 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Illustrated with 33 unique pictures. Sent by mail, securely wrapped, to any address, on receipt of price, 50 cents, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



SOME OF RICE'S BEAUTIES.



die until the last act, and so I have excellent opportunities to display my talent. In spite of my poverty I dress well, and you should see me in uniform. They turn them away at matinees when I embark at the head of my company for Africa. I'm brave, too, and always lead the charge with a sword.

In my hand, to the terror of the enemy and the delight of both parquetry and gallery. If you want a little desperate personal courage engage me, and you'll not find yourself left."

"And I," exclaimed the leading lady, "am worth a good salary because of the tears I draw. I was born to suffer, and while I am suffering I find time to do a great deal of ostentatious charity. Secret beneficence is not worth a cent on the stage. The doings of your left hand should be known not only to your right, but to the whole audience besides."

"You don't suffer half as much as I do!" cried a dark-eyed young woman dressed in black. "I am the unfortunate creature who sinned before the rising of the curtain, and have been repentant and heart-broken ever since. The people know what my black dress means the minute they see me. It is a badge of shame, just as much as the scarlet letter was in the old Salem days. I don't think there's anyone who gets less pleasure out of life than I do, for if I did anything the least bit out of the way I would lose my grip, and I must always be prepared to die at a moment's notice whenever the author thinks that it will help straighten out the entanglements of his plot. The only pleasure I have is in looking back to my happy, sinful past, which ended long before the play began."

Get Acquainted With Fanny Ward, Nina Farrington, Lillian Russell, Marie Jansen, Sadie Marshall and all the rest of the pretty and prominent women of the stage. Photographed in tights and costume. We have every one you can name. All cabinet size. Satin finished, 10 cents each, by mail. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.



MLLE. DE SERRE AND MLLE. AMELIA.

TWO BEAUTIFUL WOMEN OF THE FRENCH STAGE, WHO ARE GREAT FAVORITES IN PARIS.



SHOCKED BY THE PICTURES.

MARY SOPER, "THE BLOOMER MAID OF HACKENSACK, N. J.," HAS A YOUNG MAN ARRESTED FOR INDECENCY.



A MYSTERIOUS SHOOTING.

EUNICE VANCE, THE PRETTY ENGLISH SONGSTRESS, MEETS WITH AN ADVENTURE, AT BUFFALO, N. Y.

PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

Her Bloomers Didn't Fit, So She
Sued The Tailor.

SHE MEASURED HERSELF.

A Professor of Mathematics who Solved
a Hitherto Difficult Problem.

HIS SOLUTION WAS NOT FLAWLESS.

Exhibit A in Justice John Petterson's court, in Brooklyn, N. Y., next week will show why Miss Sylvia Bogert quit the dress reformers, and why tailor Ralph A. Clarke has made his last pair of bicycle bloomers. It will show in detail the trouble between two long-suffering people—trouble that has caused an eleven-dollar lawsuit, which Miss Bogert says she will carry to the United States Supreme Court if necessary.

"If I can't have bloomers as I want them, I won't have any at all, and no tailor can make me take them," is Miss Bogert's ultimatum.

Miss Sylvia Bogert is twenty years old. She is a pretty brunette, short but graceful, with large brown eyes, which shone with anger as she explained her trials as a dress reformer. She lives at the Sonora flats, 203 West Fourteenth street. She belongs to a family well known in theatrical and musical circles. When she came out on a wheel she found herself embarrassed by flowing skirts. When her dress got entangled with the spokes of her wheel her attention was turned to dress reform. One day last summer, while whirling up Flatbush avenue, in Brooklyn, she saw this sign:

LADIES' BICYCLE BLOOMERS
A SPECIALTY.

Miss Bogert stopped the wheel in front of the sign and told Ralph A. Clarke, tailor, that she wanted some bloomers.

"All right," said Mr. Clarke, "that is our specialty, and we can fit you out."

"But I want them different from the bloomers worn by other girls," said Miss Bogert, and then she proceeded to explain that she wanted these queer garments made of navy blue extra heavy storm serge. She insisted that, for satisfactory reasons, the bloomers should be lined with chamamois leather, and that, in place of buttons and hooks, there should be laces on each side to hold the bloomers to her body. She wanted long strips of broad black braid on the sides and four pockets, including one on each hip. Finally, she was very particular in explaining that there should be an extra heavy lining of chamamois leather in that part of the bloomers where the exigencies of wheeling demanded extra strength. Tailor Clarke thought that the contract was an easy one, and he told Miss Bogert that the bloomers could be made for \$11.

"Now, the next step is to get a correct measurement," he said.

Miss Bogert said nothing. She did not know what to say, because she had never been measured for bloomers by a man. When the tailor produced a tape measure she gave a quick gasp, but grew composed when the tailor said:

"You can just step behind that curtain and measure yourself."

She followed a few simple instructions given by the tailor and went home. On Aug. 3 the bloomers arrived at the Sonora flats. On the next day the bloomers were returned to the tailor with this note:

DEAR MR. CLARKE—Kindly note that there is an evident discrepancy between my measurements and the indescribable things that you have sent me. I also call your attention to the fact that you have not sufficiently strengthened the parts where the chief wear and tear will take place. Sincerely,
SYLVIA BOGERT.

Mr. Clarke changed the measurements of the garments and added more padding. Back came the bloomers from the Sonora flats with this note pinned on the hip pocket:

DEAR MR. CLARKE—I object to looking like a contemporary of Hendrix Hudson. Make me look like a modern American woman, please.
SYLVIA BOGERT.

Mr. Clarke made one more effort to make Miss Bogert "look like a modern American woman," but the bloomers were returned with another note:

DEAR MR. CLARKE—I am afraid that you will think that I am hard to please, but the bloomers are somewhat tight where they should be loose, and I don't know where no fairness is needed. I am tired of complaining, and unless you can make them to my satisfaction I shall not take them. Please look up my measurements once more. Sincerely,
SYLVIA BOGERT.

Mr. Clarke is a patient man, and, although quite as tired of hearing Miss Bogert's complaints as she was tired of complaining, he made more changes and asked Miss Bogert to measure the bloomers for the purpose of unifying her measurements. She replied by returning the bloomers again, and writing a lot of criticisms about pleats, gorges, darts, and so forth. Then Tailor Clarke got angry. He had lost several pounds and aged so rapidly that his friends became alarmed. He threw the bloomers in a corner of his store and took down the sign from the window. There would be no more specialties in the line of bloomers at his place.

He then notified Miss Bogert that she would have to pay for the bloomers whether she liked them or not. Miss Bogert wrote back that Mr. Clarke could give them to some one else; she would not have them. Mr. Clarke consulted his lawyer, John A. Anderson, and began a suit against Miss Bogert to recover \$11, the price of the bloomers.

Miss Bogert told a reporter that the bloomers were all wrong. "In the first place," she said, "they did not fit. They were too tight where—well, they did not fit at all. I suppose Mr. Clarke thought I would take off my skirts when I made the measurements behind the curtain; but I didn't do it. Then, again, they were not

lined as I ordered. You see, that chamamois leather lining was my own idea. I wanted to wear the bloomers in the fall and—well, I did not want any more clothes inside of them—that's all. Then the lining was so arranged that—you see this is a delicate subject—but my letter to Mr. Clarke explains that. But I am going to stick to skirts for bicycling and I am done with dress reform."

Albert C. Albertsen is a professor of mathematics, and for the past two years he has imagined that he has solved the question of conducting two homes and rearing a family in each without being discovered. His legal wife and a few detectives discovered him recently in the home occupied by his mistress and their illegitimate child, and there was trouble and all kinds of hair pulling.

Albert Albertsen is well known about Chicago. He is a thorough mathematician, having taught in various colleges, and is also somewhat of an inventor. He has an office at 1524 Masonic Temple, and his legal wife lives in a beautiful home at 11 St. James place. Two years ago they were married at LaGrange, Ill., and it was the event of the season, as his wife is connected with the wealthiest family in the village.

Then the pair moved to Chicago, and Mrs. Albertsen invited her pretty eighteen-year-old niece, Alice I. Brown, to live with them. There is where the mistake was made, as Albertsen, with masculine fickleness, was soon madly infatuated with the niece. In her devotion to her husband, however, the wife did not notice it, and matters ran along smoothly. Last February Alice suddenly disappeared, and the family heard nothing from her until the other night. A month after Alice left Mrs. Albertsen presented her husband with a baby boy, and Alice—well, she did the same thing, but nobody knew who is father was except the gay Albert and herself. Matters ran along this way, and when Albert remained away from 11 St. James place for days at a time he explained that urgent business was the sole cause of it.

"He can't love you," she cried. "I have a letter from him written yesterday where he states that he loves me dearly."

Then turning to her husband she said: "You have a wife and baby that need your care. Your little one has just learned to call you 'papa' and your wife and little one look to you for protection and support."

"I have one here that does the same thing," coolly replied Albertsen, "and I desire to state that I must take care of Alice and my other children first. I don't love you and never can."

"Officers, serve the warrants," shouted Mrs. Albertsen; "I have nothing more to say."

Alexander and his men then read the legal papers that had been made out by Justice Wallace and the guilty pair were taken to his honor's residence where bonds were given and they returned to Fifty-ninth street to move away. The wife, broken down with grief and shame, declared that she would follow them to the end of the earth and continue to prosecute them until they separated. Miss Brown swears she will not leave Albert and that individual announces his intention to remain true to Alice.

SHOCKED BY THE PICTURES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Mary R. Soper, known as "the bloomer maid of Lodi," appeared before Justice Thomas H. Cumming, at Hackensack, N. J., a few days ago and made a serious charge against Laurent Meillon, a young silk dyer. Miss Soper told the Justice that Meillon lived in a house belonging to her father and adjoining their own home. The young man had two rooms in the upper part of the dwelling and boarded himself.

She served him with milk and other articles, carrying them to his apartments. When she went in with the milk the other evening he produced several pictures which he insisted she should examine. He placed his arm familiarly around her waist while he turned them over. They were startling to say the least, but Miss Soper was able to describe them minutely to the Justice, who issued a



BICYCLING IN BLOOMERS.

Mrs. Albertsen suspected nothing until about a month ago. Then she fancied that Albert had other attractions and she placed the case in the hands of the Alexander Detective Agency.

One of the sleuths shadowed Albertsen day and night and finally located him at 532 Fifty-ninth street, where he was living with his niece as Mr. and Mrs. Albertsen. A few nights ago everything was planned for the exposure and Supt. Alexander and his men, accompanied by Mrs. Albertsen, surrounded the house. The detective rang the bell and Vincent I. Aaron, in whose residence the pair were living, answered the call. "Mrs. Albertsen" was in, but her "husband," she stated, had not yet reached home. Upon being shown to the room the two women who claimed the same man as husband stood face to face. For a moment they glared at each other. The guilty woman stood with her babe in her arms, while the youngster cooed and crowded at the strange sight.

"You contemptible hussy! Oh, you miserable wretch!" shrieked the legal Mrs. Albertsen, "where is my husband? I will tear your eyes out. Is this the way you break up my home after my kindness toward you?"

It came near a fight but the detectives separated the women and then sat down for a long wait for Albert. Hours slipped by and he did not come. Mrs. Albertsen No. 1 raved in the parlor below, while her niece upstairs cried and with head bowed in shame waited for the final act. At 11 o'clock Albert placed his night key in the latch and hurried upstairs. As he saw the detectives he turned pale and when his wife appeared he collapsed. It was a moment of intense excitement. The baby was asleep in his bed. The woman who ruined her aunt's home held her head lower, while Albertsen tried to crawl into a corner. With indignant rage Mrs. Albertsen arose and her voice awoke the slumbers of quiet Englewood. She raved and called down the curse of heaven on her spouse and the woman. Then, womanlike, she cried and pleaded with the girl to leave the man and return to her family in La Grange.

A Fatal Sin. No. 14 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Handsomely illustrated with 58 engravings. Price 50 cents. Sold by all newsdealers or sent direct by mail, securely wrapped, on receipt of price, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

search warrant and had them seized. They were eighteen in number, about eight by twelve inches in size and executed in crayon.

Miss Soper's description was so accurate that Justice Cumming checked the pictures off from it when they were brought in by Haring. Young Meillon was arrested and locked in the jail.

Mary Soper is, perhaps, the most picturesque female character in Bergen County, N. J. She is prepossessing, well educated, fluent in speech and claims ability to take care of herself under almost any circumstances. A few years ago she created surprise by imitating Maud Muller, but up to date no judge has come "riding past," although she has sought out many judges to lodge complaints against persons who have disrespectfully used her and her aged father, who, she says, is a bunch of nerves connected by hairsprings.

It is no uncommon thing to find Mary in hay or harvest field dressed in dark blue costume, bloomers, raking and binding. She wears the same garb around the house because, she says, it is far more comfortable than the stylish gowns of society women. This unconventionality led to a serious break between Miss Soper and the Reformed Church authorities at Lodi, resulting in her withdrawal from the congregation. She made herself a Sunday suit of trousers, skirt and leggings, all neatly trimmed, which she wore to church, and so shocked the sisters wedded to the conventional female costume that they made it uncomfortable for their husbands until "that Soper woman" was given a strong hint to change her style of dress or place of worship. She clung to her trousers and skirt. This peculiarity of dress, with an independence of action and spirit, quick to resent attempted imposition, has caused Miss Soper to figure in many law suits. She has had numerous men and women arrested for assault and battery, trespass and disorderly conduct.

Her last previous appearance in Hackensack was to prosecute Mrs. Herman Schmidt for using improper language to her in the public highway. Miss Soper won her case, and Mrs. Schmidt had to pay ten dollars and costs.

In the present case Justice Cumming said he could not clearly understand the charge of forcible exhibition of the pictures, as Miss Soper admitted that the young

man held a lamp in one hand, and it is difficult to determine how he could forcibly detain her and turn over the cards with the other. Meillon declares that Miss Soper entered his room, and voluntarily examined the pictures, which he inadvertently left exposed.

WILLIAM H. WOOD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

William H. Wood is the engineer of the Columbia Fire Company, of Alexandria, Va. At a recent contest this company added new laurels to those already won, and to-day stand champions of the world, their engine having thrown a distance of 150 feet through a 15-16 inch nozzle, the steam having been generated in 6 minutes and 5 seconds, thereby beating all previous records, the best time made heretofore having been at the World's Fair in Chicago, by a first-class double pump engine.

The Columbia is a third-class, single pump Amoskeag, and in July, 1893, carried off first prize at Frederick, Md., over a large list of competitors in 8 minutes 10 seconds. At Hagerstown, Md., in June of this year, the Columbia won first prize in 7 minutes 57 seconds, against but one competitor, all the other machines entered being withdrawn as soon as it was learned the Columbia company had their engine upon the ground. The idea of entering an Alexandria engine in these contests originated with Engineer William H. Wood, who has had charge of the Columbia for the past two years, and, as will be seen by the record made by his engine, he has steadily improved its record in each successive test.

GAY COLLEGE GIRLS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

"A cat may look at a king," but if the masters of Richmond, Va., pause in their idle strolls before the old-fashioned white brick building on Tenth and Marshall streets, occupied by the Women's College of Richmond, and cast one longing, lingering look at that Mecca of Southern beauty, they violate a city ordinance and are nabbed by a bluecoat, hauled up before the Police Justice, and fined not less than \$1 nor more than \$10.

This municipal edict, which is not old, was enforced for the first time last week, when an unsuspecting and unsophisticated youth, a medical student of the name of Holley Williams, while walking on the opposite side of the street in front of the forbidden ground, spied a window full of pretty girls, all looking at him and smiling their sweetest. Now these girls knew all about that city ordinance, but it seems that they take a delight in tempting erring youth to stop and stare, and when the dreadful policeman, who is ever in hiding thereabouts, comes and bears off the gallant youth, they think it a huge joke, and laugh and have lots of fun. In fact, that ordinance only served to make them more tantalizing than ever. Well, this youth—and the policeman says he was simply irresistible, a lady-killer of the first magnitude—stopped (who wouldn't?) and smiled from ear to ear, twirled the waxed ends of his mustaches, posed and attitudinized, and finally stuck his thumb in his vest holes and gave a sort of "I-am-her-Joe" shake of satisfaction.

"That settled it," said the policeman. "He was a stranger and I took him in."

"Two dollars and a half and costs," said the Police Justice the next morning, with an air of mercy and condescension, while the now dilapidated and humiliated master of the day before looked on in grim silence.

Finally he said: "Students never have money; you can't get blood out of a turnip, your honor."

"I can put a turnip in jail, though," replied his Honor.

Then the culprit found the money and purchased his liberty.

Dr. Nelson, the grave and reverend president of the institute, became greatly alarmed when he heard the verdict. He realized the fact that the publication of this case would defeat the very object for which the ordinance was passed. He made a tour of the newspaper offices, tearing his hair the while in his agitation, and begged the editors to suppress the item, which was done. Thus the public of Richmond, Va., are in blissful ignorance of this novel arrest and fine.

EDWARD L. DONALDSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A good likeness of Edward L. Donaldson appears on another page. Mr. Donaldson is one of our most promising theatrical managers. He is at present assistant treasurer of the London Theatre, where his affability and his courteous manners have made him very popular.

E. K. FRANKLIN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

E. K. Franklin is favorably known in Buffalo, N. Y., as a theatrical press agent of great ability. He is also somewhat of a sport and looks after the business interests of Frank Erbe, the light-weight pugilist. A great deal of the latter's success is due to Mr. Franklin's judicious management.

OWEN ZIEGLER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Owen Ziegler, whose portrait appears in this issue, is a lightweight boxer, of Philadelphia, who has gained considerable prestige in the prize ring. His last battle was with Scampton Abbott, in Philadelphia, and he held his own with the ex-light champion of England.

JOHN ROWELL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

John Rowell, whose portrait appears in this issue, belongs to Calumet, Mich. He is the champion wrestler of the State and wants to wrestle any man in the world, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$1,000 a side.

Don't You Need a Trade Attractor? Every Social Parlor, Hotel, Saloon or Cafe should have the current issue of the POLICE GAZETTE. It is a great drawing card and trade attractor. Thirteen weeks mailed to your address for \$1.00. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

HIS OWN "SWEET MARIE."

He is Found in Company With
Her in a Hotel.

SCHOOLMATE OF HIS WIFE.

He Loves Her Better Than His Spouse
and a Divorce Will Follow.

MOPPED THE FLOOR WITH HIM.

Harry Alfring, though only nineteen years old, has been married for two years, and now his young wife, Jessie, is about to sue him for divorce, naming as co-respondent her former schoolmate, Marie McNeel.

Alfring is the eldest son of the late William H. Alfring, of the firm of Horace Waters & Co., piano manufacturers, of New York city. His mother now resides with his younger brother at No. 159 Boulevard. Upon the death of his father, Harry, then fifteen, had lavished upon him all the cares and attentions which a fond mother with abundant means could bestow. Harry soon became a lion among a smart set of young men with whom he associated. Then he met, wooed and won the heart and hand of Miss Jessie Bowles, a beautiful young girl, scarcely a month his junior. Against the wishes of their parents Harry and Jessie ran off one day and got married.

Jessie is the daughter of Henry Bowles, who was at one time manager of the Hotel Victoria, and who now lives with his wife at No. 141 W. Forty-third street. After their marriage the young folks went to live with the bride's parents. There was a general reconciliation all around. Harry's mamma continued to foot the bills as usual, and all might have gone well if Harry's passion for horse racing had not led him into erring ways. He has of late been a familiar figure at the Maspeth, L. I., race track. He owns a thoroughbred or two. Incidentally, just to get his hand in, he says, he has been writing sheets for the bookmakers there at \$10 a day. Miss Marie McNeel is an orphan and she and her sister Bessie, who is eighteen, live with their grand-mother, Mrs. Melgus, on the top floor of No. 178 Fifth avenue. Marie is a tall, very pretty brunette, and is twenty. They have a brother, who at last accounts was hot on young Alfring's trail with a cowhide and a loaded revolver.

A dapper young man, accompanied by an equally dapper young woman, called at the Hotel Pomeroy, at Fifty-eighth street and Eighth avenue, a few nights ago, and registered as "J. A. Bennett and wife, Washington, D. C."

"My baggage," explained Mr. Bennett to Proprietor Rhode, "will be along in a day or so. Meanwhile give my wife anything she may call for."

Mr. Rhode thought that Mr. Bennett was rather young, but the latter's assurance dispelled any doubts he may have had that all was not right. So Mr. and Mrs. Bennett were duly installed in room No. 79, on the second floor.

Henry Bowles called at the hotel the following evening and glanced over the register. He started when he saw the entry "J. A. Bennett and wife."

"It's that young scamp son-in-law of mine as sure as fate," he muttered.

Mr. Bowles sent up his card, but the couple were out. He then walked into the cafe. Seated at a table, with a bounteous repast before them, he found the objects of his search. "Mr. Bennett" was, as he supposed, none other than young Alfring. "Mrs. Bennett" was, in fact, Miss Marie McNeel. Another young woman sat at the same table. She was, Mr. Bowles saw, Marie's sister Bessie.

"Ahem!" ejaculated Mr. Bowles, as he neared the table. The pseudo Mr. Bennett turned pale and started as though to escape threatened chastisement. Mr. Bowles grasped his cane firmly, but did not use it. His voice was set and firm as he said: Mr. Bennett, I have seen quite enough to satisfy me. You will hear from me later."

With that he turned on his heel and walked away. The trio finished their meal in silence and then ascended to room No. 79.

Two women of middle age, accompanied by a younger one, who might have been the daughter of either, entered the same hotel at ten o'clock that night. Needless to say they were Mrs. Bowles, Mrs. Alfring, Harry's mother, and Jessie, his wife. They, too, looked over the hotel register.

"That's his handwriting; I'd know it anywhere!" exclaimed Jessie. "Where is room 79?" she inquired of the clerk. Before the latter had a chance to reply Jessie saw a young man coming down the stairs carelessly smoking a cigar.

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed the young man, as he suddenly turned and fled.

"Oh, you wretch!" exclaimed Jessie, as she wheeled about and ran after him. Mrs. Bowles followed. Both women reached the second floor out of breath. They stopped in front of a door. Both made a furious assault upon it.

"Open the door!" cried Jessie.

"Oh, you hussy; I know you!" echoed her mother. Feminine shrieks resounded within.

"Good gracious, mother," said Jessie, suddenly, "this isn't 79 at all." The shrieks continued. The besiegers started down the hall and resumed operations this time before the right door.

"I won't hurt you," screamed Jessie. "I just want to have a look at your face."

Then the door was slowly opened by Harry, looking

the picture of despair. Marie and her sister, crestfallen and abashed, stood together near a centre table.

"Nice girl you are," observed Jessie. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself? Ah, what's this?" she exclaimed, as she walked up to a bundle lying upon the table. She opened it and held up to view a nightdress. Jessie paused; then, with fine scorn, she repeated slowly these lines:

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Down in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good,
She was very, very good,
And when she was bad she

"She was just a horrid, spiteful thing!" The last words ended in a shriek. "And as for you, sir," she shouted, turning to her trembling husband.

It would be well here to return to Mrs. Alfring. With a mother's instinct she saw her precious boy in trouble, perhaps being beaten before she could even turn around. She ran to the elevator, but the boy in charge refused at first to let her enter the car, she was so excited. Then proprietor Rhode came along.

"I wish to go to my boy," said Mrs. Alfring, with a majestic wave of her hand.

"Certainly, Madam," replied Mr. Rhode, "but what is this all about?"

"My boy Harry—I mean Mr. Bennett—I'm his mother; he's a minor," said she. "Let me go to him or I'll summon a policeman."

"We'll both go, Madam," said Mr. Rhode. They entered the elevator together. As they reached room No.



THEY USED HIM AS A MOP.

79 the mother shrieked. Her worst fears were being realized.

Harry was being used alternately as a floor mop and a football. He was being scratched, beaten, pounded and kicked. The performance ceased as soon as Mrs. Alfring screamed.

"Oh, Harry!" she wailed, "How could you?"

Harry's courage returned with his mother's presence. Edging away from Mrs. Bowles and her daughter, he suddenly exclaimed with an air of bravado:

"I love Marie, mamma. She always treated me better than Jessie did."

After that declaration Mrs. Alfring, Mrs. Bowles and Jessie left the room, followed by the proprietor. When the office was reached Jessie remarked that she would "keep the key as evidence."

"But that is hotel property," protested Mr. Rhode.

"Never mind, then," replied she. "I'll take down the number. Here, take your old key." Sutting the action to the word, she flung the object down on the counter. The women then left the hotel.

"Go up and order those persons in No. 79 to leave this hotel at once!" shouted Proprietor Rhode to his clerk.

"I'm going to make them apologize for what they did last night," he said. "They called the wife of one of our guests bad names outside of her door. As for that young Harry Alfring! I'll call him to account, too, daring to make this hotel such a rendezvous."

Mrs. Alfring was in tears when seen at her home the next afternoon. She repeated the details of the affair substantially as detailed above.

"Harry is only a boy," she said, "but I stick up for his

wife. She is a good girl. And there's that other horrid woman. Oh! oh! And then, to think that creature's brother is hunting after Harry. He has threatened to cowhide him and then to shoot him. Oh! but it is awful; and Harry only nineteen."

Mr. Bowles said that papers were being drawn up in a divorce suit which his daughter was about to institute against her husband.

"I have had a great deal of trouble ever since my daughter married him," said Mr. Bowles. "I suspected that he was not acting right, and I discovered him at the Hotel Pomeroy with Marie McNeel and her sister, Marie and Jessie were schoolmates."

"I told my wife about it after I came home. Mrs. Alfring was calling at the time. I had no idea that they would go to the hotel and make such a scene. It is very distressing for all of us."

Marie and Bessie's grand-mother said that she had not seen the girls for two days. They had gone away without giving any intimation as to their whereabouts. They were much of a care to her on account of their actions.

ALBERT R. RUMSEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

No face is more familiar to the thousands of people engaged in lake shipping than that of Albert R. Rumsey. Distinguishing qualities in the character of Mr. Rumsey, who is the shipping master of the Lake Carriers' Association, have formed a study for many people with whom he has come in contact. Aside from any reference, good or bad, to his relations for many years between vessel owners and their employees on the lakes, his strange history and advancement to a fair degree of wealth and influence among prominent men would form the theme for a very interesting story. His greatest ambition for a number of years past has been to make a trip around the world. He expressed his intentions in this regard several times or

the most catchy or suggestive of the attractive living pictures. In costumes more than decollete they appeared in the various poses most loudly applauded on the stage. Some new ideas, as well of their own invention, were adopted, that capped the climax, and caused the good neighbors, who had all the while been a patient audience behind the curtains of their own windows, to make the charges referred to.

The case is one of the most widely commented upon that has occurred in the quiet town of Dayton for years. When brought to a realization of the gravity of their acts by sober afterthought, the ladies have been thoroughly mortified, but the tongue of the gossip wags on and the busybody is never idle, till, if so inclined as to drop the matter, the grand jury, 'tis said, dare not overlook the matter without some action. Feeling for the ladies and their position, however, will have much to do toward allowing the whole thing to pass as quietly as possible.

A MYSTERIOUS SHOOTING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Eunice Vance, the little English actress who was recently playing at the Court Street Theatre, in Buffalo, N. Y., was not able to appear last week at a matinee because her nerves were shattered from a hair-breadth escape from death.

According to Miss Vance, as she and her maid were driving on the Park road, Humboldt Parkway, their rig was overtaken. She says that a man who was driving in a buggy whirled up alongside her rig, pointed a revolver into her carriage and pulled the trigger. There was a blinding flash, a breaking of glass and then Miss Vance fainted. The police were notified of the affair and are investigating. They say they have not made any captures, but they did try to suppress the story from the newspapers.

Miss Vance finished her turn at the Court Street Theatre shortly after 10:30 that evening. She says the theatre was warm and she was dying for a bit of fresh air. She told her maid, Miss Margaret Busher, of 340 Pine street, to go out and call a carriage and they would take a drive. This Miss Busher did. She found Peter Bapst, who drives for Liveryman Joseph Leonard, of Elm street, standing at the hack stand at Lafayette Square. The maid told the hack driver Miss Vance wanted him and he drove up to the stage entrance of the Court Street Theatre, and shortly before 11 o'clock Miss Vance and her maid entered the carriage.

Miss Vance says she told the driver to take her to some place where she could get refreshments. The hackman drove out Main street. Miss Vance did not notice anybody following her carriage. The driver started straight out Main street. He turned into Humboldt Parkway, and while his horse was cantering along near Delavan avenue Driver Bapst heard the clattering of hoofs behind him. Supposing somebody was in a hurry and knowing that the driveway is somewhat narrow at this point, Bapst turned out of the way. The horse that was following was a big heavy bay. It was attached to a buggy and there were two men in it. As the horse drew up along side of Bapst's rig the man driving leaned half way out of the buggy, pointed his revolver into Miss Vance's face and pulled the trigger.

"I've got you now," said he, "and I'm going to end it."

At the same time there was a blinding flash and a bullet whizzed within a quarter of an inch of Miss Vance's face. Her face as well as that of Miss Busher was blackened by the powder. The report of the pistol startled Bapst's horse and it was with some difficulty that he brought them to a standstill. Then he jumped down from his box and hurried to see how his two passengers were. He found Miss Vance in a dead faint. Miss Busher was almost in hysterics and Bapst did not know what to do for just the fraction of a minute. The first thing he did was to swear at the man who had shot off the revolver.

As soon as the fellow had fired he whipped up his horse and started down Humboldt Parkway. Bapst mounted his box again and drove up to Main street. Whipping up his horses he drove down Main street to the Pearl Street Police Station. Sergt. Ward was in charge and Bapst soon told his story to the sergeant. Then Miss Vance and Miss Busher were helped out of the carriage and taken into the station. They told their stories to the sergeant. They could not give a description of the man who did the shooting. Miss Vance did say she did not believe the man who shot at her was a Buffalonian. She said she thought he was from out of town.

After their statements were taken Miss Vance was driven to the Genesee. She was still very nervous when she arrived at the hotel. After taking a drink to brace her up she went to bed. She was seen at the Genesee by a reporter the next afternoon. She had almost recovered from the shock. She said she had been pestered lately with the attentions of a man from Manchester, England. The fellow wrote her threatening letters in New York a week ago. She turned them over to a lawyer, who in turn gave them to the police. The man's attentions then ceased. She gave it as her opinion that the man who shot at her was this same Englishman. It was only her supposition.

Miss Vance was able to appear at the next night's performance. She refuses to tell the name of the "man from Manchester," but says he is well-to-do and followed her to England when she last went over there. He is an inebriate but a favorite with her mother. She dislikes him and has been pestered with his attentions.

Driver Bapst was taken to Supt. Bull's office and put through a cross-examination. Why the police should suppress the affair is a mystery. At first they said they didn't know who Eunice Vance was; then they didn't know she was shot at; then they forgot about her complaining, and finally they refused to tell anything about the case.

CHARLEY KELLY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Charley Kelly, the 110-pound champion pugilist of America, who is matched to fight Billy Plimmer, the 110-pound champion of England, for a purse at 114 pounds, in the club offering the largest purse. Kelly is one of the best men of his weight in America, a clever and courageous fighter, and has won many battles.

A Superb Souvenir.

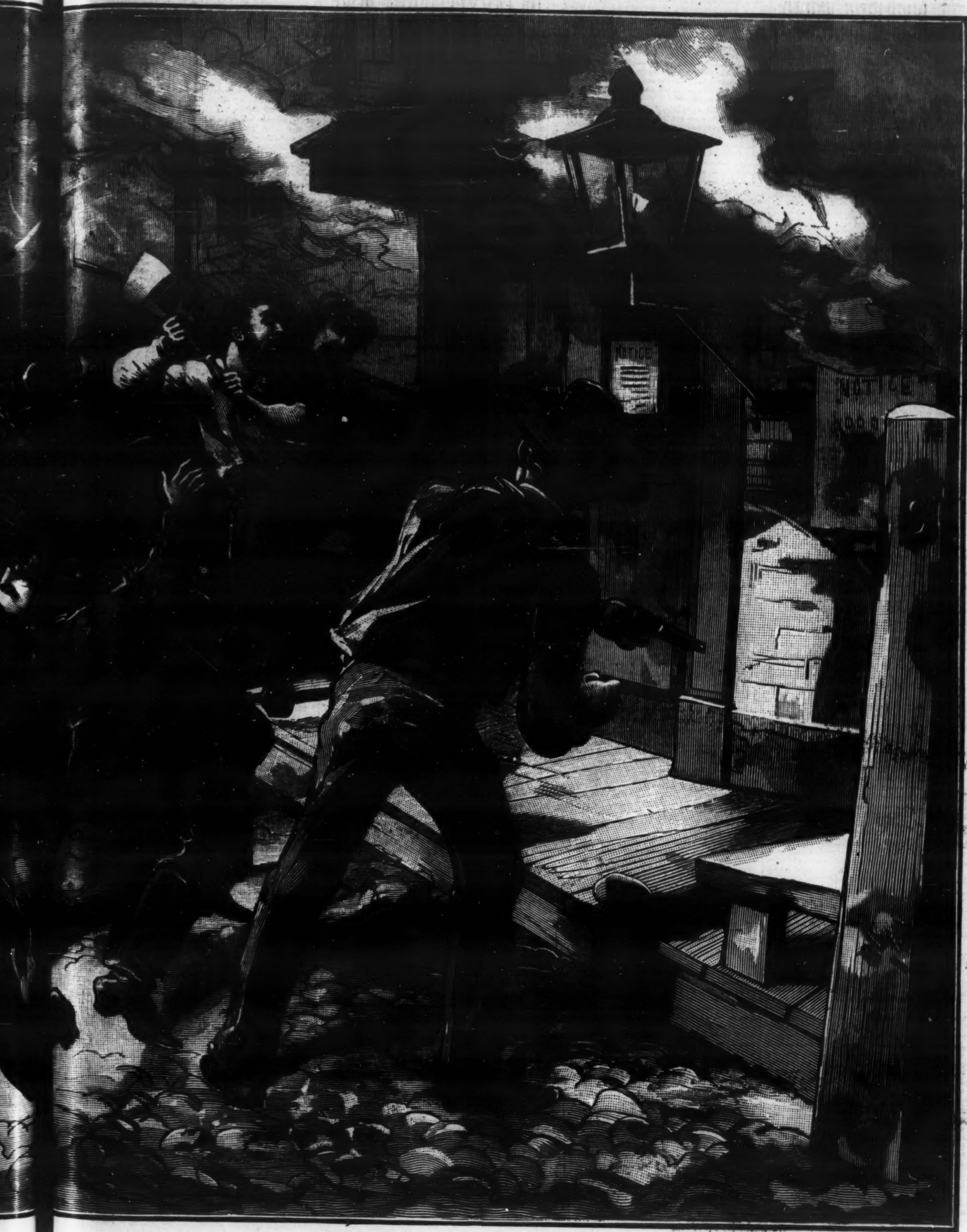
A Handsome portfolio, containing twelve beautiful full length engravings of the prettiest Stars of Comic Opera. Price, by mail, \$1.00; or presented, free, to every yearly subscriber at \$4.00; set of six engravings and six months' subscription, \$2.50; set of three engravings and three months' subscription, \$1.00. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

Pauline's Caprice.

By Emile Zola, the famous French author. No. 5 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES, with 140 illustrations drawn by French artists. Sent by mail to any address, securely wrapped, on receipt of price, 50 cents, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



STORMED
THREE PEOPLE ARE KILLED AND SEVERAL WOUNDED AT WASHINGTON
FROM THE FURY OF A MOB OF R



THE JAIL.

STONINGTON HOUSE, O., BY THE MILITIA WHO WERE PROTECTING A PRISONER
FROST WHO INTENDED TO LYNCH HIM.

PAYESE'S SWEEPING CHALLENGE.

Jockey Henry Griffin, who is riding this season for Messrs. Gildoon & Daly and the Blenheim Stables, has been in great demand for next year. Messrs. Belmont, Lorrillard and Gildoon & Daly v
all after the boy, who is not more than seventeen years of age.
Sealed bids were made to James Shields, who has Griffin applied, and upon their being opened it was found that that of Messrs. Gildoon & Daly was higher than the others. It was an offer of \$16,000 for the services of this stripling, who, a few years ago, was taken from the Roman Catholic Protectorate at Westchester by Horsey Shields. This is by far the highest salary ever paid to any rider in America, and double that ever paid to a lightweight. Griffin be able to ride at 95 or 96 pounds. Of this sum James Shields will receive one half. With the privilege of taking outside mounts Griffin should earn fully \$25,000. He is a shrewd, smart lad, and is

For That Tired Feeling. Over 1,000 recipes in "Police Gazette Bartender's Guide," copiously illustrated. Sold by all newsdealers or

A. J. K. ———. Peter Jackson is not the champion of Austr

A She Devil. No. 12 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES.
Exciting text and 77 elegant illustrations.

side," copiously illustrated. Sold by all newsdealers or sent to any address on receipt of price, 25 cents each. Address: **RED K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.**

A. J. K. — Peter Jackson is not the champion of Austr
He defeated Jem Smith and Frank P. Slavin for the boxing ch
pionship of England.

A Sue Devlin. No. 1208 FOX'S CELESTINATION SERIES
Exciting text and 77 piquant illustrations
Sent by mail, securely wrapped, on receipt of price, 50 cents
dress **RICHARD E. FOX**, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York



Copyrighted by Hall.

ANDREW HAMILTON,

ONE OF THE FOREMOST AMERICAN JOCKEYS, WHOSE HONESTY
HAS NEVER BEEN CALLED INTO QUESTION.



WILLIAM H. WOOD.

THE BRAVE, GENIAL AND EFFICIENT ENGINEER OF THE FAMOUS
COLUMBIA FIRE COMPANY OF ALEXANDRIA, VA.



EDWARD L. DONALDSON.

A VERY CLEVER NEW YORK THEATRICAL MANAGER, WHO IS AS-
SISTANT TREASURER OF THE LONDON THEATRE.



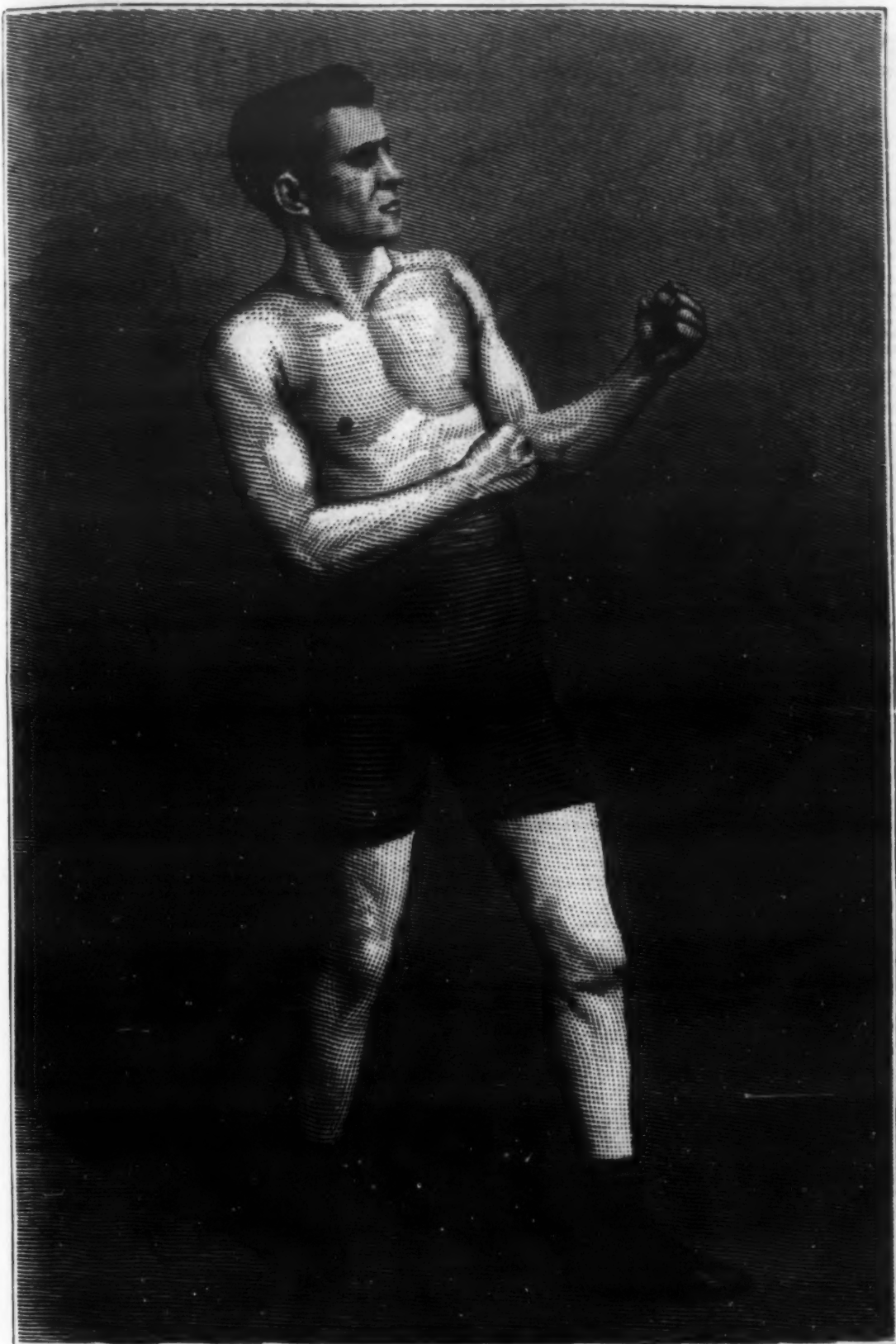
BURNED TO DEATH.

A YOUNG WOMAN PERFORMER WITH A TRAVELING SHOW LOSES HER LIFE BY
AN EXPLOSION OF GASOLINE, AT WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.



CLIMBED A FIRE-ESCAPE.

A PLUCKY WOMAN WHO WAS LOOKING FOR WORK TO DO TAKES THIS MOST
NOVEL WAY OF SECURING IT, AT NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.



OWEN ZIEGLER.

A LIGHT-WEIGHT PUGILIST OF SOME PRESTIGE WHO HAILS FROM PHILADELPHIA AND WHO RECENTLY FOUGHT A DRAW WITH STANTON ABBOTT.



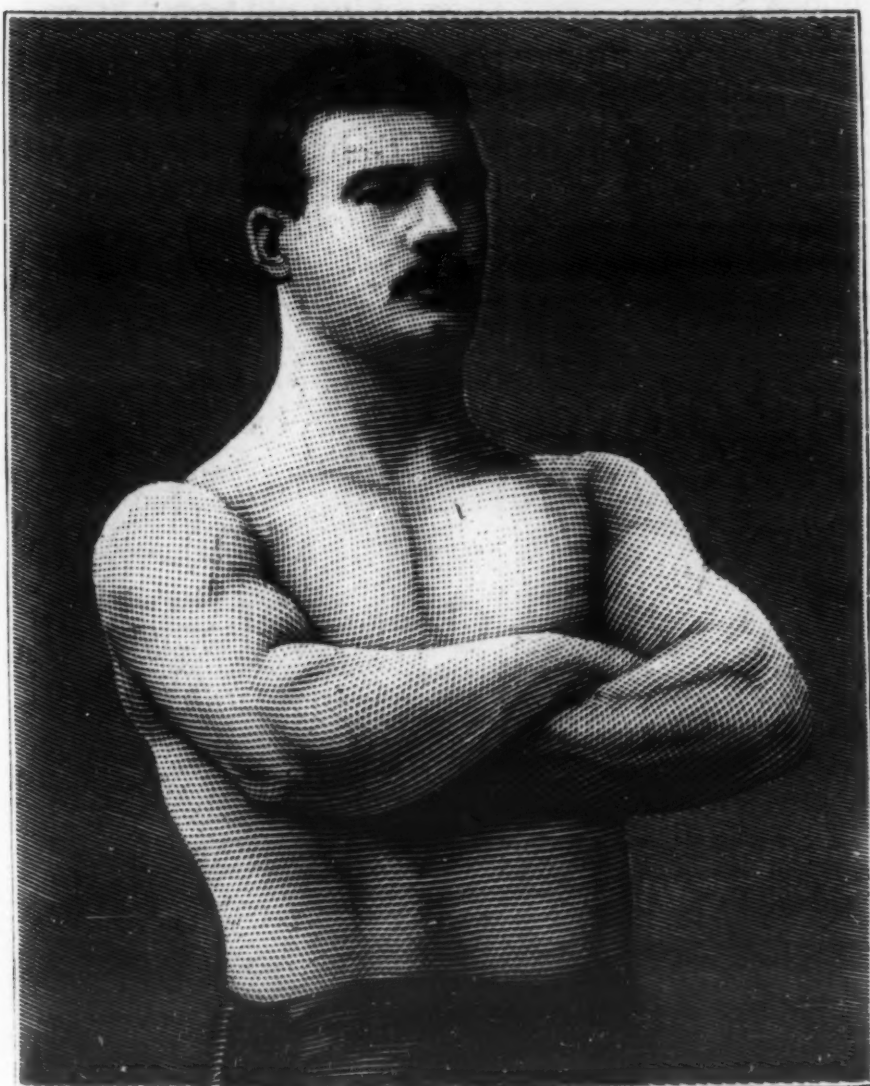
CHARLEY KELLY.

THE CLEVER CHAMPION 110-POUND PUGILIST OF AMERICA, WHO IS MATCHED TO FIGHT STURDY BILLY PLIMMER.



E. K. FRANKLIN.

A CLEVER THEATRICAL PRESS-AGENT OF BUFFALO, N. Y., WHO IS ALSO MANAGER OF PUGILIST FRANK ERNE.



JOHN ROWELL.

A CHAMPION WRESTLER OF CALUMET, MICH., WHO WANTS TO GAIN FAME BY WRESTLING ANY MAN IN THE WORLD.



ALBERT R. RUMSEY.

A WELL-KNOWN SPORTING MAN, FORMER CHAMPION DUMBBELL LIFTER, WHO IS SHORTLY TO UNDERTAKE A TOUR AROUND THE WORLD.

OUR FAMOUS BARTENDERS

Charles Schneider, a Popular Saloon-keeper of Marietta, O.



Charles Schneider is a well-known sporting man of Marietta, O., where he runs one of the best saloons. His place is a great resort for all people of sporting proclivities, where a file of the POLICE GAZETTE is always at their disposal.

ONE HONEST MAN.

Dear Editor: Please inform your readers that if written to confidentially, I will mail, in a sealed letter, the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from Nervous Weakness, night losses and weak, shrunken parts.

I have no scheme to extort money from any one whomsoever. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but, thank Heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong, and anxious to make this certain means of cure known to all.

Having nothing to sell or send I. O. D., I want no money. Address JAS. A. HARRIS, Box 80, Delray, Mich.

How can I attain Prosperity?

IS THE QUESTION BUSINESS MEN ASK ANXIOUSLY. THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY. READ THE FOLLOWING LETTERS AND ACT.

T. W. Hastings, of 27 and 29 Pine street, New York, who advertised a cure for baldness, says: I was astonished at the number of cash orders and replies received from my advertisement in the POLICE GAZETTE. It is the best medium I ever used.

F. Huxox, Manufacturer of Ear Drums, 853 Broadway, New York City, who has advertised in the POLICE GAZETTE for about nine years, says: The POLICE GAZETTE has always paid me.

The Cook Remedy Co., of Chicago, known the world over, says: The POLICE GAZETTE is the best medium we ever used.

Dr. L. R. Atkins, President of the New York Dermatological Institute, Forty-second street and Fifth avenue, New York City, says: I got returns from Australia, China, England and Ireland, and from all over the United States through the POLICE GAZETTE. My advertisement in it certainly paid me well.

Mr. C. A. Cooper, 217 Sixth avenue, New York, the well-known jeweler, says:

I received a great number of replies to my advertisement in the POLICE GAZETTE. Only recently I got a letter from a party asking if those rings advertised three months previous in the POLICE GAZETTE were still to be had, which goes to show the POLICE GAZETTE is kept for months after issued.

The Grannan Detective Bureau Co., 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, Ohio, wrote under date July 26, 1894, as follows:

We would prefer advertising in the POLICE GAZETTE than any other newspaper in the country, as it brings us better results.

Are not these Testimonials Convincing? We have scores more of them.

Address RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A VERY useful invention for Man or Woman. Sample sent (sealed) 25 cents. Two for 40 cents. RUBBER SPECIALTY CO., Box 104, Oswego, N. Y.

Naughty, naughty Girls, full set 10c. Circular Choice Books, 2 stamps. W. Scott, 21 Ann St. N. Y.

BARBER'S SUPPLIES.

Barbers. Send name for a Catalogue Revolving Chairs from \$20 up. C. O. Salathie, Mfr., South Bend, Ind.

PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.

COOK REMEDY CO.

SYPHILIS! Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Syphilis permanently cured in 15 to 35 days. You can be treated at home for the same price under same guaranty. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and no charge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Syphilitic BLOOD POISON that we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application. Address COOK REMEDY CO., 307 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.

COOK REMEDY CO.

Big C is a non-poisonous remedy for Gonorrhea, Whites, Spermatorrhea, Gleet, unnatural discharges or any inflammation, irritation or ulceration of mucous membranes. Non-astringent and guaranteed not to stricture. **SOLD BY DRUGGISTS** or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, on receipt of \$1.00. Descriptive Circular mailed on request. Manufactured by The Evans Chemical Co., CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

CURES QUICKER Than any other remedy. Tarrant's Extract of Cubebs and Copaliba is a safe, certain and quick cure for gonorrhea and gleet and is an old-tried remedy for all diseases of the urinary organs. Combining in a highly concentrated form the medicinal virtues of cubebs and copaliba, its portable shape, freedom from taste and speedy action (curing in less time than any other preparation) make it the most valuable known remedy. To prevent fraud, see that every package has a red strip across the face of label, with the signature of Tarrant & Co., N. Y., upon it. Price, \$1.00. Sold by all druggists.

FREE PRESCRIPTION For Restoring Small Male Organs When Caused by **SELF-ABUSE** or Excess. A sure cure for Lost Vigor, Nervous Debility, Atrophy, Night Losses, Varicocele, etc. I send this prescription with full directions, in a plain envelope, sealed, Free to any one, and will furnish the medicine, if desired, cheaper than it would be put up at a drug store. Address G. B. WRIGHT, Box 1818, Marshall, Mich.

SELF-ABUSE AND SHRUNKEN ORGANS.

FREE PRESCRIPTION. I will gladly send to any man, the **RECIPE**, with full directions sealed, **FREE**, which cured me of **SEXUAL WEAKNESS**, Night Losses, Nervousness, Small, Weak Parts, Self-Abuse, etc. Address THOMAS SLATER, Box 930, Kalamazoo, Mich. Shipper Famous Celery.

SANTAL-MIDY

In 48 hours Gonorrhea and discharges from the urinary organs are arrested by Santal-Midy Capsules without inconvenience. Price \$1.00. OF ALL DRUGGISTS, or P. O. BOX 2054, New York.

DRUNKENNESS can be cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific. It can be given without the knowledge of the patient, if desired, in coffee, tea or articles of food. Cures guaranteed. Send for circulars. **GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO.**, 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

DOGUTA OIL OF SANDALWOOD Capsules arrest at once Discharges from the Urinary Organs, and Cure in 7 Days. Several Cases of Gonorrhea. All Druggists.

FREE! I will send (sealed) free, a receipt that will develop Small Shrunken Parts, which cured me of Self-Abuse, Nightly Emissions, etc. Address C. H. MULLER, Box 901, Kalamazoo, Mich.

LADIES! Dr. Simms' Pennyroyal Pills \$1. at office or by mail, failure impossible, finest ever made, thousands of ladies testify to their reliability and success. Expert specialist in female complaints. Office 106 E. Thirty-first street, New York.

TANSY PILLS! Safe and sure. Send 4c. for WOMAN'S SAFE GUARD. WILSON SPECIFIC CO., PHILA., PA.

AGENTS WANTED.

WORK FOR ALL. \$15 a month salary and expenses paid. If you want employment write at once to F. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

AGENTS WANTED. One earned \$4,000, many over \$1,000, in 1893. P. O. 1371, New York.

AGENTS WANTED. Secure exclusive ground, Macintoshes and Rubber, P. O. 1371, New York.

PERSONAL.

GET MARRIED List of ladies, with photos and resumes, many very pretty and rich, who want to marry, mailed free. Walter McDonald, Chicago, Ill.

HOW to make others love and obey you. 100 pp. 10 cents. Nat. Hypnotic Inst., P. 11, Chicago.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.



AN AMERICAN GOLD FILLED WATCH

In Appearance, and the BEST Time-piece in the World for the Money.

WARRANTED 5 YEARS.

CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and address and we will send this beautiful watch to you by express. You examine it at the express office and if you think it a bargain and the finest watch you ever saw for the money, pay the express agent Our Special Sample Price \$2.50, and it is yours. We are offering this watch at this extraordinary price as an advertisement to introduce the watch, therefore send in your order at once as This Advertisement May Not Appear Again. The watch is beautifully engraved, has enamel dial, jeweled balance, oil tempered hairspring and all the latest improvements that go to make a watch desirable and reliable as a timekeeper. **FREE!** With every watch we will send absolutely free of charge a beautiful gold plate chain and charm. Write to-day, while this offer holds good. Address,

THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING COMPANY, 334 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DOES SHE WEAR GARTERS?

But of course you don't know. It is certain, however, that she would like to, if they were very pretty. Now, here are some beauties. Notice the variety in color, and the delicate designs and happy wording of the clasp. Sent by mail for \$1.00 for any motto and color you choose. **MOTTOES.**—Hands Off, Private Grounds, A Little Fly, Under Shelter, Forbidden Fruit, Out of Sight. **COLORS.**—Nile Green, Black, White, Yellow, Pink, Light Blue.

AVON GARTER CO., 216 Chauncy St., Boston.

MONEY HOW TO MAKE IT QUICKLY From Small or Large Amounts. Information Free. Write the PUBLIC STOCK & GRAIN EXCHANGE, Pittsburg, Pa., or DELANEY & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 118 Rialto (Board of Trade Annex), Chicago, Illinois. U. S. A. Highest reference. (Mention this publication.) Cut this out.

PERFECT MONOPOLY. Fortune in 3 yrs. for steady work. Other work uninterrupted. Sealed message 10c. with dollar sample free. THE ARCH, 522 B'way, N. Y.

"The Police Gazette Ink"

Used on this paper is manufactured expressly by FRED'K H. LEVEY & Co., 59 Beekman St., New York

TRANSPARENT Playing Cards. Full pack of 53 Cards. Best made. Old price, \$5; my price, \$1, sealed. E. NASS, Box 3753, New York.

Electrotypes Get them made at Ralsbeck Electrotpe Co., 24 and 26 Vandewater Street, New York.

FOR MEN ONLY! Great Parisian Craze. Camera and Mystic Pictures 20 cents. P. G. C., 64 College place, New York City.

RUBBER GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION BY MAIL. Send for catalogue. A. U. BETTS & Co., 86 Water St., Toledo, Ohio.

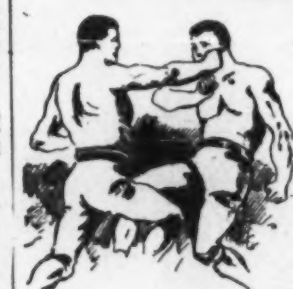
WILL YOU distribute Circulars and samples for us? No cost. Salary and expenses to travel. Send stamp. ADVERTISING BUREAU, 447 E. 4th Ave., NEW YORK CITY.

BOOKS! PHOTOS, &c. Send stamp for circular. C. CONROY, 122 Park Row, New York.

All kinds of Watches from \$1.38 upwards. Handsome Catalogue sent free. Safe Watch Co., 9 Murray St., N. Y.

Our Prices are Low, but there isn't a Glove made that is worth more.

THE POLICE GAZETTE Boxing Gloves ARE THE BEST MADE.



CHAMPION BOXING GLOVES.

Made from special Indian tan and finest brown kid, declared by the profession as being the best glove ever made, with laced and padded wrists, and filled with the best of curled hair. Made in 2, 4, 5, 6 and 8 ounce weights. Price per set of four, \$7.50.

EXHIBITION BOXING GLOVES.

Made of finest white and brown kid, finished in A 1 style and equal to any glove now made. Six and eight ounces in weight. Price per set of four, \$6.00.

Amateur Gloves.

Good quality kid and best gloves for the price ever made. Six and eight ounces in weight. Price per set of four, \$4.00.

Sent by express to any address upon receipt of price. When sending order state color and weight desired. If sent by mail, 50 cents additional to above prices. Address all orders to

RICHARD K. FOX, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

SPORTING GOODS

NOTICE TO

Saloon Keepers, Barber Shops and Clubs.

Will be on the Market with a

NEW SLOT MACHINE.

In a few days. Write for photograph and price list.

AGENTS WANTED.

H. VAN SANDS, 144 Centre St., New York City

GRAPS HEADQUARTERS on DICE. New work made than all competitors combined. Hundreds of cases ready for you. GUARANTEED WORK ON DICE OF ANY DESCRIPTION in Ivory, Bone, Celluloid or Translucent. Scratch or engraved work. Shapes or loaded. Electric dice and dice machine. Nothing you need to WIN we cannot make you. SPECIAL LOW-POWER CUT PRICES. Send this advertisement and tell us what you want. Correspondence and orders to: G. HENRY & CO., 255 Monroe St., Chicago, Illinois.

DOUBLE BREECH LOADER \$5.00 **RIFLES \$1.75** **WATCHES \$1.00** **BICYCLES \$15** All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy send stamp for 60 page catalogue. **POWELL & CLEMENT CO.** 166 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

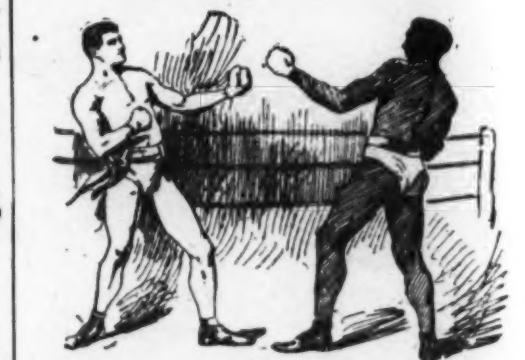
CRAPS...EXPERT DICE WORK.

Something New. FINEST ACIDS, COLORS, INKS, ETC., IN THE U. S. FOR CARD WORK. Send Stamp for Sample. **CLARK & CO., 109 Fourth Ave., New York.**

MAKE Money Fast. Roulette Wheels, Faro Tools, and everything for club rooms. CATALOGUE FREE. Largest factory in the world. Rothschild's, 739 B'way, N. Y.

TWO GREAT PICTURES!

The Giants of the Ring in Fighting Attitudes.



Corbett-Jackson. Corbett-Mitchell.

Two Handsome Chromo Lithographs, Printed in 12 Rich Colors. Size 16 1/2 x 23 inches.

Suitable for Framing for Hotels, Saloons, Cafes, Tonsorial Parlors, Club Rooms, Etc.

ONLY TEN CENTS EACH.

Sent by mail to any address, neatly rolled in a tube on receipt of price, by

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

A SUPERB SOUVENIR!

A Handsome Portfolio, containing twelve Beautiful Full Length Engravings of the Prettiest Stars of Comic Opera. Price, by mail, \$1.00, or presented, free, to every yearly subscriber at \$4.00; set of six engravings and six months' subscription, \$2.00; set of three engravings and three months' subscription, \$1.00. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

14k. GOLD PLATE
Stem Winding Cases. Stem Winding and Stem Set. A 100% Movement, accurately regulated and adjusted to keep accurate time and are warranted for 5 years service as a watch is ordinarily used. By carrying one of these watches you will have the credit of owning a \$50.00 solid gold watch, and for service it is just as desirable. Cut this ad. out and send it to us with your order and we will send you the watch C.O.D. with privilege of examination, and if you are satisfied that this watch is worth four times what we ask, and better than you can get elsewhere for double the money, pay the express agent \$3.00 and we will send you the watch; otherwise send it back. Watches sent C. O. D. must go by express. Address, Kirtland Bros. & Co., 62 Fulton St., New York

PUBLICATIONS.

BOOK (SEALED) MAILED FREE, 100 pages, cloth-bound, on Errors of Youth and Diseases of Men and Women. Address Dr. LOBB, 229 North Fifteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Book Molly's story in plain English, 336 pages; you should read it. Sealed 50c., 3¢. Circular of choice books 2 spts. W. Scott, 21 Ann St., N. Y.

The Police Gazette's
Sensational ALL FULLY ILLUSTRATED
AND
Sporting Books.

Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, 25 cents each.

SENSATIONAL.

These books are the most readable and interesting published; they depict, in vivid and fascinating language, life as it is, reality—not feeble imagination.

Glimpses of Gotham; or New York by Daylight and After Dark.
New York by Day and Night. A Continuation of Glimpses of Gotham.
Mysteries of New York Unveiled. One of the most exciting books ever published.
Paris by Gaslight. The Gay Life of the Gayest City in the World.
Paris Inside Out; or, Joe Potts on the Loose. A vivid story of Parisian life.
James Brothers. Cele-

brated Outlaw Brothers. Their Lives and Adventures.
Billy Leroy, the Colorado Bandit. The King of American Highwaymen.
Mabelle Unmasked; or, The Wickedest Place in the World.
Coney Island Frolics. How New York's Gay Girls and Jolly Boys Enjoy Themselves by the Sea.
Paris Unveiled. Expose of Vice and Crime in the Gay French Capital.
Grissette; or, High Life in Paris and New York.

SPORTING.

The following reliable publications have been carefully edited and revised, and each one is copiously embellished with portraits and numerous illustrations.

Life of James J. Corbett, Champion Pugilist of the World.
Life of John L. Sullivan, ex-Champion Pugilist of the World.
Life of Jack Dempsey, ex-Champion Middleweight of the World.
Life of Charley Mitchell, Boxing Champion of England.
George Dixon, Featherweight Champion of the world.
Lives of the Big Four. Heenan, Hyer, Morrissey and Yankee Sullivan.
The Black Champions or the Prize Ring from Molinet to Jackson.
Champions of the American

Prize Ring. Complete History and Portraits of all the American Heavyweights.
Champions of England. The American Athlete. A Treatise on the Principles and Rules of Training.
"Police Gazette" Standard Book of Rules.
"Police Gazette" Card Player.
The Cocker's Guide; or How to Train Game Fowl.
Dog Pitt. How to Breed and Handle Fighting Dogs.
Boxing and How to Train. The Bartender's Guide. One thousand recipes.
The Complete Art of Wrestling.

Any of the above sent by mail to any address, securely wrapped, on receipt of price, 25 cents each. Address

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
Franklin Square, New York City.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

WOMEN from Life. 24 photos, 50c. in stamps. They will please you. Add. Box 187, Marshall, Mich.

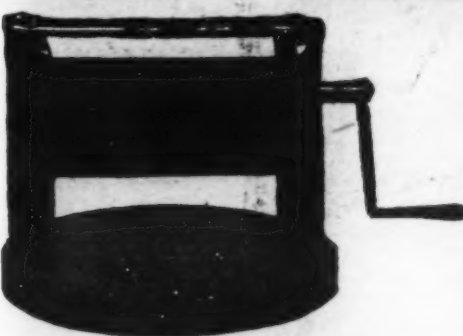
Naughty, naughty Girls, full set 10c. Circular Choice Books, 2 stamps. W. Scott, 21 Ann St., N. Y.

Nox-em-all, 8 samps, 4c. Box 699, W. Saginaw, Mich.

26 Pictures, Sweet Self, 10c. Box 10, Augusta, Me.

Photos, etc., sealed, 10c. L. Box 114, Freeport, N. Y.

THE MONEY MAKER.



By taking a common, ordinary piece of blank paper and inserting between the rollers, following directions, and then turning the crank, you can produce bills of any denomination and no one, not even an expert, can detect difference from genuine. You cannot afford to be without one of these machines as with it you can have more real fun and pleasure than with any other novelty ever put on the market. Each one packed in a box with full directions how to work it.

Price of Single Machine, by mail, 35 Cents. Per Dozen, \$2.00

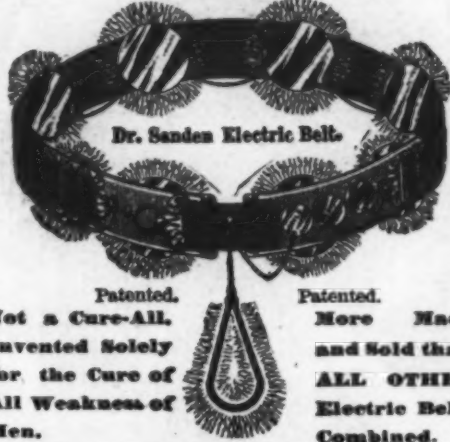
All orders must be accompanied by the cash to secure prompt attention as no goods will be sent otherwise. Send all orders made payable to

RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York.

MEDICAL.

Seminal Weakness, Shrunken Organs and Varicocoele.

These supposedly incurable weaknesses are positively and permanently cured when the right remedy is used. **THE REMEDY IS ELECTRICITY.** \$5,000 will be forfeited if you cannot instantly feel the electric current as generated by the



Not a Cure-All. Invented Solely for the Cure of All Weakness of Men. More Made and Sold than ALL OTHER Electric Belts Combined.

We positively guarantee it to cure all forms of Nervous Debility, Impotency, Spermatorrhea, Night Emissions, Shrunken Parts, Nervousness, Forgetfulness, Confusion of Ideas, Languor, Dyspepsia, Lame Back, Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder Complaint, and the many evils resulting from secret habits in youth or passionate excesses in mature years, we wish to say that the marvelous invention of Dr. Sanden is an absolutely positive cure. It has cured thousands every year after all known medicines and other treatments have failed. The fact is that **Medicines Never Have Nor Never Will** cure these troubles, as you well know if you are a sufferer and have tried them. **Electricity**—which is nerve force—is the element that was drained from the system, and to cure it **Must Be Replaced**. We guarantee our patent improved Electric Suspensory to **Enlarge Shrunken or Undeveloped Organs**, or no pay. In short, we faithfully promise to give every buyer the crowning triumph in medico-electrical science, and have placed the price within the means of every sufferer. A pocket edition of Dr. Sanden's celebrated medical work, "Three Classes of Men," illustrated, is sent free, sealed, by mail upon application. Every young, middle-aged or old man suffering the slightest weakness should read it. It will point out an easy, sure and speedy way to regain strength and health when everything else has failed. Is sent Sealed, Free, upon application to office nearest you.

Sanden Electric Co., 826 Broadway, New York.
Sanden Electric Co., 68 State St., Chicago.
Sanden Electric Co., 123 Washington St., Portland, Ore.
Sanden Electric Co., 926 16th St., Denver, Col.

Largest Electric Belt Manufactory in the World.

FREE TO WEAK MEN
Manhood Restored, small, weak organs enlarged. Night emission, exhausted vitality, nervous and physical debility, and effects of self-abuse quickly and permanently cured. I will send (sealed) free the recipe of this simple remedy, which cured me after everything else had failed, and will cure you. Address, C. H. MULLER, BOX 901, KALAMAZOO, MICH.

BROU'S INJECTION
A PERMANENT CURE
of the most obstinate cases of Gonorrhea and Gleet, guaranteed in from 3 to 6 days no other treatment required, and without the nauseating results of all other remedies. Cures Gonorrhea or Syphilis. Sold by all druggists. J. Ferré, (successor to Brou), Pharmacien, Paris.

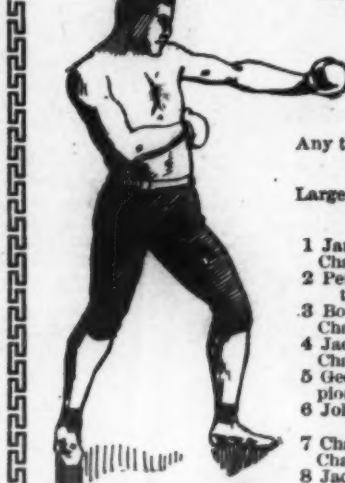
The Poorest Man in the World can write to me and receive by return mail in a plain envelope sealed, free, a prescription with full directions for a speedy, permanent and private home cure for Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Atrophy, Night Losses, Varicocoele, etc. I will furnish the medicine if desired cheaper than it would be put up at a drug store. Address, G. B. Wright, box 1818, Marshall, Mich.

LADIES! PILLS Dr. LeVay's
Cure for Female Pains.
Sold by W. E. Reed & Co., 75 State St. Chicago, Sole U. S. Agents

DR. DE HARDT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS—The only genuine pennyroyal pills made; at druggists, or by mail, \$1. Office 209 N. 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Prize Ring Photographs.

All the Pugilists in Fighting Costume, as They Appear in the Ring.



CABINET SIZE, ALL SATIN FINISH.
PRICE, BY MAIL, TEN CENTS EACH.

Any three of these Splendid Cabinet Photographs will be sent you, post-paid, on receipt of 25 cents; 6 for 50 cents; 12 for \$1.00.

Large Photographs, suitable for framing, size 11x14 inches, 50 cents each; 21x24 inches, \$1.50 each.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| 1 James J. Corbett, Champion of World | 17 Joe Coburn, Ex-Champion Heavyweight |
| 2 Peter Jackson, Australian Champion | 18 Jimmy Carney, of Birmingham, Eng |
| 3 Bob Fitzsimmons, Champ. Midd'l'ght | 19 Cal McCarthy, Featherweight |
| 4 Jack McAuliffe, Champ. Lightweight | 20 Austin Gibbons, Paterson, N. J., Lightweight |
| 5 Geo. Dixon, Champion Featherweight | 21 John Morrissey, Statesman and Pugilist |
| 6 John L. Sullivan, Ex-Champion | 22 Joe Goddard, Australian Heavyweight |
| 7 Charley Mitchell, Champion of Eng'd | 23 Jake Kilrain, Baltimore Heavyweight |
| 8 Jack Dempsey, Nonpareil | 24 Ed Smith, Denver Heavyweight |
| | 25 Tommy Kelly, the Harlem Spider |
| | 26 Fred Johnson, English Featherweight |
| | 27 Billy Myers, Lightweight |
| | 28 Jim Daly, Middleweight |
| | 29 Johnny Reagan, Welterweight |
| | 30 George Siddons, Featherweight |
| | 31 Tom Hyer, Famous Old-Timer |
| | 32 Mike Donovan, Boxing Master N. Y. & C |
| | 33 Johnny Murphy, Boston Featherweight |
| | 34 Jack Burke, the Irish Lad |
| | 35 Jack Skelly, Brooklyn Featherweight |
| | 36 Frank P. Slavin, Australian Heavyweight |
| | 37 Jim Hall, Australian Middleweight |
| | 38 Joe McAuliffe, Californian Heavyweight |
| | 39 Joe Walcott, Colored Lightweight |
| | 40 Joe Choyinski, of California |

Any one or all of the above sent by mail, to any address, on receipt of price, by
RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

MEDICAL.

WEAK MAN CURE YOURSELF IN TWO WEEKS.
Why waste time, money and health with "doctors" wonderful "cures," specific, etc., when I will send you FREE the prescription and full particulars of a new certain remedy that is a complete cure for NERVOUS WEAKNESS, LOST MANHOOD and IMPOTENCY in old or young men. Cures in TWO WEEKS. I send this information and prescription absolutely FREE, and there is no humbug nor advertising catch about it. Any druggist can put it up for you as everything is plain and simple. All I ask in return is that you will buy a small quantity of the remedy itself of me, all ready for use, but may do as you please about this. All letters sent sealed.
E. H. HUNGERFORD, Box A 218, Albion, Mich.

MEDICAL.

MEN
CURE GUARANTEED.
That stops Self-Abuse and Emissions; Restores Vigor; Develops Weak Organs; Cures Varicocoele. You know from the first day that **MANHOOD** is yours. If you are weak and broken down, do not despair, no matter how much you may have been deceived, but AVOID QUACKS long enough to try this recipe, which I will send you (sealed) FREE, it cured me and I GUARANTEE it to cure you. Address with stamp, in confidence.
WM. BUTLER, Box 147, MARSHALL, MICH.

SELF-ABUSE
CURED. PRESCRIPTION SENT FREE.
A victim of youthful errors causing Emissions, Small, Weak Parts, Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Varicocoele, etc., having discovered a quick, permanent, private, home cure, will send the prescription with full directions, sealed, FREE to anyone in need of it, and will furnish the medicine, if desired, at a low price. Address:
L. BRADLEY, Box 1904, Battle Creek, Mich.

TO SEXUALLY WEAK MEN.
I will gladly send to my fellow man, the RECIPE, absolutely FREE, in PLAIN, SEALED, ENVELOPE, that cures FREE of me, after I had given up all hope, of SEXUAL WEAKNESS, Night Losses, Extreme Nervousness, Impotency, etc., and greatly enlarged my small, SHRUNKEN ORGANS, which was the result of self-abuse and excess. Address, in strictest confidence, **THOMAS SLATER, Box 80, Shipper Passaic, Kalamazoo, Mich.** Before Use.

WEAK MEN
If suffering from Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Lack of Vigor, Emissions, and Effects of Self Abuse enclose stamp and we will send you
MEDICINE FREE
Specially prepared for your individual case. It costs you nothing to try our medicine. We send treatment free to prove we can cure you.
PHYSICIANS' INSTITUTE, 1734, Belmont Temple, Chicago, Ill.

FREE TO MEN.
Sexual Power Restored in 2 to 3 Days
Effect felt in a few hours; small or shrunken parts enlarged, and positive cure for abuse, emissions, nervous debility, varicocoele, etc. Send stamp. Address
Acton Medical Co., Washington, D. C.

DOCTOR PERRY'S INFALLIBLE RESTORATIVE
Absolutely cures victims of sexual errors by relieving the patient of the irresistible desire to continue in his ways and by building and strengthening the reproductive organs. It is as unlike other remedies as our methods are unlike those of other advertisers. Our little book sent free, securely sealed, to any address, proves its worth and proves our financial and professional standing. Used in Hospitals and Asylums throughout the U. S.
National Chemical Works, (Incorp.) Cragin, Ill.

FREE Do you want a SIMPLE and SURE cure for LOST MANHOOD, NIGHT LOSSES, SELF ABUSE, etc.? Enlargement Certain; Vigor Restored. I have nothing to sell and want no money. Address, privately, Chas. Noble, Park Ridge, Ill.

SANTAL FOR MEN ONLY. Greatest Restorer of Vigorates. Price \$2. Guaranteed. Stamp for confidential circular. DR. N. T. MILLER, 21 Quincy St. Chicago.

MEDICAL.

\$100 FORFEIT
If it does not cure the effects of Self-Abuse, Early Excesses, Emissions, Nervous Debility, Loss of Sexual Powers, Impotency, Varicocoele, Pimples on the Face, etc., Enlargement Certain. I will send FREE the Recipe of a never failing cure. All letters in plain, sealed envelope. Address, with stamp, **C. K. TUPPAR, sportsman's Goods, Marshall, Michigan.**

FOR MEN ONLY!
VIGOR For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General and NERVOUS DEBILITY, Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young, Exhausted, Little MANHOOD fully Restored. How to Enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY Absolutely satisfying HOME TREATMENT—See this in a copy, Man testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) from
Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

MEN
We send the marvelous French Remedy **CALTHOS** free, and a legal guarantee that CALTHOS will STOP Discharges & Emissions, CURE Spermatorrhea, Varicocoele and RESTORE Lost Vigor. Use it and pay if satisfied. Address, **VON MOHL CO., Sole American Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

MEDICINE SENT FREE BY MAIL
TO MEN UNTIL CURED of Lost Manhood, Seminal Weakness, Varicocoele, Loss, etc. We send medicine free by mail until cured. No matter how severe the case. Thousands cured here in Chicago and elsewhere. Remedy sent in plain package. When cured, we charge you not more than \$5.00. Write us today, **HOME REMEDY CO., Dept. 10, Chicago, Ill.**

S.G.C. Cures Gonorrhea, Gleet or any Unnatural Discharges Guaranteed. No Pain. No Stain. Syringe Free. Sent sealed, by mail, on receipt of 5¢. Circular free. **THE AMERICAN CHEMICAL CO., 237 Main St. Cincinnati, O., U.S.A.**

\$500 REWARD. Dr. Taylor's Tansy English Pills. The ladies friend. Always reliable. Never fail. Mailed \$1. C. A. DREPS, Druggist, Buffalo, N. Y.

MY ELECTRIC BELT sent on Trial FREE
Give size. Dr. Judd, Detroit, Mich. Want acts.

FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES.

The Fastest Selling Books in the World.

NO. 18: A Pursuit OF Pleasure
Translated from the French of Jean Larocque.

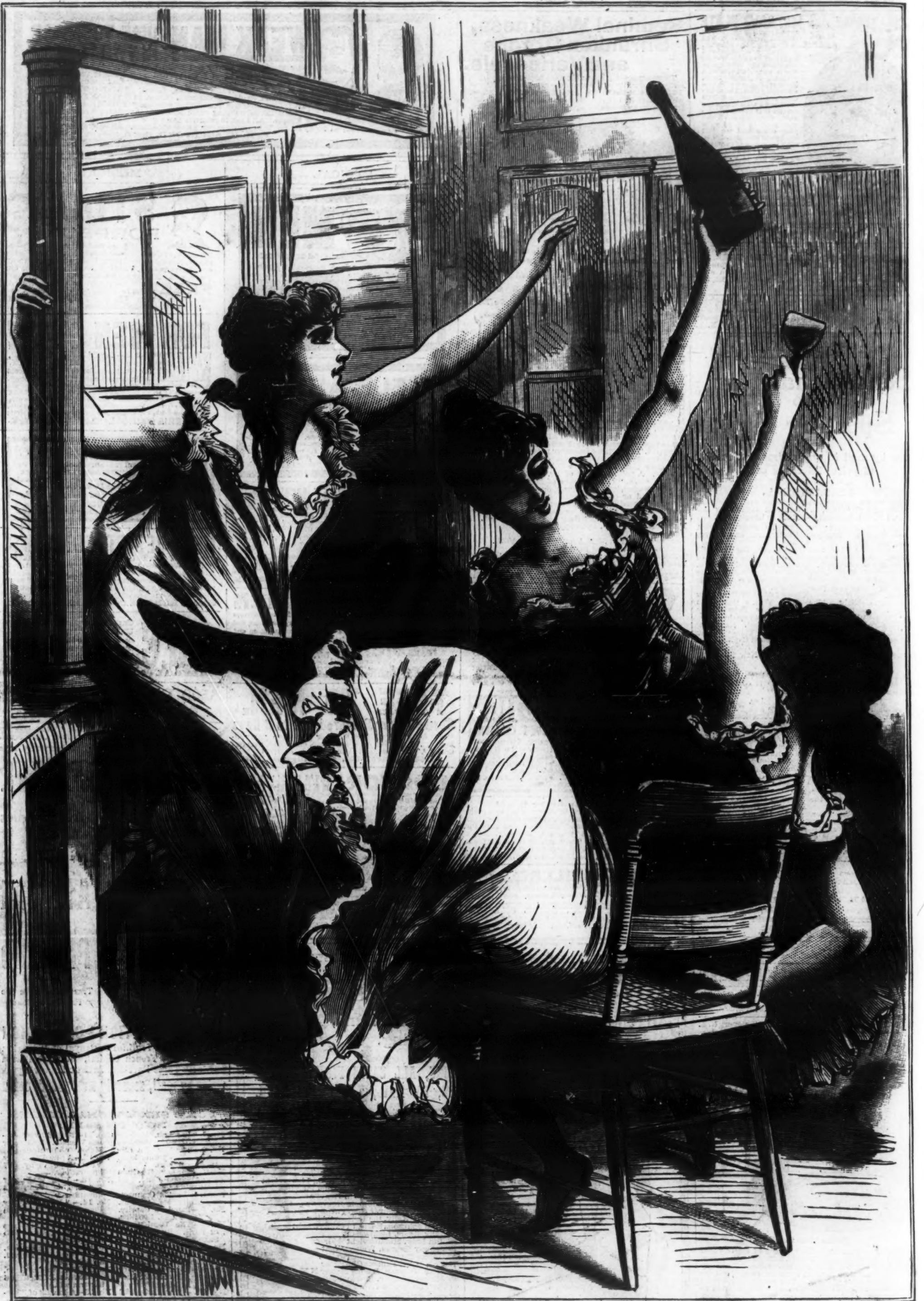
THE SENSATION OF PARIS!
A Graphic and Truthful Portrayal of Bohemian Life in the French Capital, Illustrated with Ninety-Three Rare and Artistic Engravings.
Price by mail, securely wrapped, 50 cents

FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES NOW ON SALE:

- | | |
|--|--|
| No. 1.—Baccarat. By Hector Malot. 99 illustrations. | No. 11.—Runed by a Faithless Woman. By Hector Malot. 65 illustrations. |
| No. 2.—The Fate of a Libertine. By Emile Zola. 98 illustrations. | No. 12.—A She Devil. By Vicomte de Vigny. 77 illustrations. |
| No. 3.—Her Love Her Ruin. By Adolphe Belot. 89 illustrations. | No. 13.—Mistress or Wife? By Paul de Kock. 72 illustrations. |
| No. 4.—Devil's Compact. By Emile Zola. 86 illus. | No. 14.—A Fatal Sin. By Rene de Richelin. 58 illustrations. |
| No. 5.—Pauline's Caprice. By Emile Zola. 140 illus. | No. 15.—A Parisian Sultana. By Albert de Sagan. 95 illustrations. |
| No. 7.—The Demi-Monde of Paris. By Baron de Saxe. 167 illustrations. | No. 16.—A Ruling Passion. By Gerard de Nerval. 83 illustrations. |
| No. 8.—Love's Sacrifice. By J. de Gastagne. 59 illustrations. | No. 17.—A Modern Siren. By Ernest Daudet. 66 illustrations. |
| No. 9.—Woman and Her Lovers. By Hector Malot. 67 illustrations. | No. 18.—A Pursuit of Pleasure. By Jean Larocque. 53 illustrations. |
| No. 10.—An Unfaithful Wife. By Paul de Kock. 53 illustrations. | |

The above novels are all translated from the French and are beautifully and uniquely illustrated. They are the most fascinating novels published in America. For sale by newsdealers or sent by mail, securely wrapped to any address on receipt of price, 50 cents, by

RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York.



REALISTIC LIVING PICTURES.

THREE MARRIED WOMEN OF DAYTON, O., WHO WENT ON A LARK AND HAD AN EXCITING TIME, MANAGE TO STIR UP CONSIDERABLE TROUBLE FOR THEIR FRIENDS.